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# Maryland Historical Magazine



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# Maryland Historical Magazine

VOLUME 89



WINTER 1994

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*Cover:* In the 1880s, postwar bitterness still prevailed, and when individual Maryland units erected their monuments on the Gettysburg battlefield, G.A.R. veterans controlling the Gettysburg Battlefield Monument Association opposed the placement and inscription of a monument to Confederate veterans of the 2d (1st) Maryland Infantry, CSA. The new state memorial at Gettysburg honors both Union and Confederate Marylanders and offers in the design a sense of unity and the hope of reconciliation. This magnificent 1994 tribute is the work of James A. Holechek and sculptor Lawrence M. Ludtke.

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*Editor's Corner:*

One searches long and hard for a subject to rival the Civil War in Maryland for intrinsic and enduring interest. It may be fitting, therefore, to end the magazine's series of theme issues celebrating the Maryland Historical Society's sesquicentennial with a fresh look at the war and some of the curiosities it visited on the state and its people.

This issue also marks the last number directly the work of the incumbent editor, who gratefully steps aside (while staying in the wings as an advisor) and welcomes as his successor Ernest L. Scott, whom the society's director, with the advice and consent of the publications committee, has named to take over both the magazine and the society's publications program. A veteran of more than forty years in editing and publishing, he has specialized in American history and biography. He has research under way on antislavery in antebellum Maryland and has recently published in the New Hampshire historical magazine. We are fortunate to have his services and wish him well in his new chair.

Words fail to express our appreciation for the help so many friends have rendered in producing the magazine the past eight years. Special thanks nonetheless to Karen Stuart, Susan Weinandy, Melinda Friend, Jennifer Bryan, Christie Bateman, and Jessica Pigza, wonderful managing editors; Jeff Goldman for steady assistance with photographic orders; Elizabeth Cadwalwader, Chris George, and the dynamic duo Jane Lange and Robin Coblenz for faithful help with copyediting and proofreading; Mary Ellen Hayward for her attention to countless art and textual issues; and to Ric Cottom for saving us from howlers large and small. Thanks finally to readers, who have always let us hear when something slipped through!

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Col. Harry Gilmore, Confederate cavalier and guerrilla leader, organized Maryland troops in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. (W. W. Goldsborough, *The Maryland Line in the Confederate Army*.)

# “More Trouble than a Brigade”: Harry Gilmor’s 2d Maryland Cavalry in the Shenandoah Valley

KEVIN CONLEY RUFFNER

**T**he Shenandoah Valley in Virginia witnessed some of the Civil War’s bloodiest fighting. Thomas J. “Stonewall” Jackson earned military immortality—or at least Confederate immortality—by devastating Union forces there in 1862. Two years later, cadets of the Virginia Military Institute drove off federal invaders at the Battle of New Market. The valley experienced seesaw action again during the summer and fall of 1864 when Jubal Early cleared the region of Union troops and even threatened Washington, D.C. In the last months of 1864, Philip Sheridan soundly defeated Early, marking the end of Confederate supremacy in the Shenandoah.<sup>1</sup>

Beyond the famous battles of 1862 and 1864, the Shenandoah Valley saw almost continuous military action throughout the war. Control of the valley shifted with the movement of the major armies; indeed, Winchester in the lower, or northern portion of the Shenandoah Valley reportedly changed hands seventy-two times between 1861 and 1865. The constant transfer of troops, particularly in the lower valley, meant that no side effectively possessed the region for any great length of time. The counties of Jefferson and Berkeley in present-day West Virginia and Clarke, Frederick, and Shenandoah in Virginia became a “no man’s land” marked by bitter internecine fighting.<sup>2</sup>

Both North and South occupied the valley with troops that could be spared from the main armies. The Union had two goals in the Shenandoah: protecting the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and preventing Confederate troops from using the valley as an invasion approach to Maryland and Pennsylvania. The South, on the other hand, wanted to keep Union troops from entering the valley and disrupting the region’s agricultural and industrial resources.<sup>3</sup>

Even at the peak of its power, the Confederacy suffered manpower shortages that made it difficult to protect its extensive territory. Rarely could the Army of Northern Virginia find troops to guard the Valley District. In April 1862, in an effort to boost its military manpower, the Confederate Congress adopted “An Act to Organize

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Dr. Ruffner, whose study of Union and Confederate junior officers from Maryland is forthcoming from the Louisiana State University Press, is a historian with the federal government.

Bands of Partisan Rangers.” The government thus authorized President Jefferson C. Davis to form partisan units to conduct operations against enemy forces. The law stipulated that partisans would receive the same pay, rations, and quarters as members of the regular army. Rangers would also draw extra pay for seized enemy arms and ammunition.<sup>4</sup>

This act capitalized on considerable interest in the South in guerilla warfare, and throughout the spring and summer of 1862 the government busied itself forming partisan units. Yet army commanders expressed displeasure at these new units because they tended to be poorly trained and equipped.<sup>5</sup> Within months, the army refused to transfer soldiers from the regular army to partisan units; officers who recruited among the main forces faced court-martial. Subsequent orders specifically required officers to recruit only non-convicts, or those men ineligible for army drafting, for partisan commands. In certain military districts, such as the Department of Henrico, in and around the Confederate capital of Richmond, partisan recruitment was strictly prohibited.<sup>6</sup>

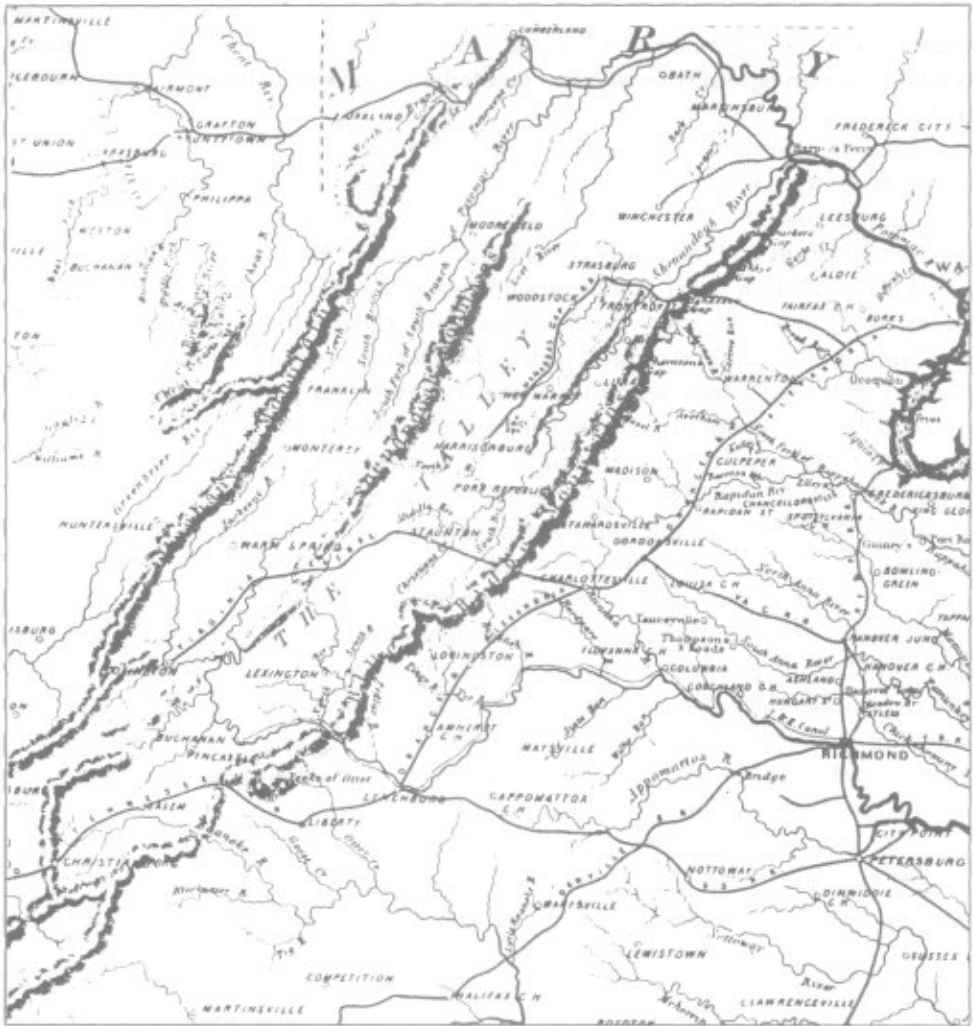
By the beginning of 1863, James A. Seddon, Confederate secretary of war, reported to the president that the “policy of organizing corps of partisan rangers has not been approved by experience. The permanency of their engagements and their consequent inability to disband and reassemble at call precludes their usefulness as mere guerrillas,” Seddon noted, “while the comparative independence of their military relations, and the peculiar rewards allowed for captures induce much license and many irregularities.”<sup>7</sup>

At Seddon’s urging, the War Department refused to authorize new partisan units and merged existing units with regular battalions and regiments. Samuel Cooper, Confederate adjutant and inspector general, introduced new regulations for partisan ranger units to “promote their efficiency and the interest of the service” in June 1863. By this time, many units raised earlier in 1862 had already disbanded.<sup>8</sup> Even though the Confederate government lost much of its enthusiasm for partisan warfare by 1863, there were notable exceptions. John S. Mosby, perhaps the most famous partisan leader of the Civil War, led a daring raid in March of that year and captured a Union general. Mosby’s successes behind Union lines in Northern Virginia earned the “Gray Ghost” promotions and eventual command of a partisan ranger regiment. By the end of the war, some 1,900 officers and men had served with Mosby, striking terror into the hearts of Union soldiers and civilians around the Northern capital.<sup>9</sup>



Mosby raised his first company of partisan rangers in June 1863; at the same time, Capt. Harry Gilmor received permission from the secretary of war to organize an independent battalion of Maryland cavalry for service behind Union lines. Gilmor earned his laurels as a dashing cavalryman under Turner Ashby in the Shenandoah Valley in 1861. In the early spring of 1862 he formed his own company, which was soon assigned to the 12th Virginia Cavalry Regiment. Following service in the valley,





Gilmore's theater of operations in the Valley of Virginia and Maryland, 1862-1864. Control of the lower valley shifted seventy-two times during the course of the war. Detail from *Four Years in the Saddle*. (Courtesy of Butternut & Blue Press.)

Gilmore moved into Maryland with the main army in September. On a lark, he visited his home in Baltimore County, where Union soldiers took him prisoner. The Union army held Captain Gilmore as a spy at Fort McHenry in Baltimore until his father gained his parole to wait for his formal exchange in February 1863.<sup>10</sup>

Twenty-five years old when he returned to Confederate soil, Gilmore hailed from one of Maryland's wealthiest families. His father, Robert Gilmore III, owned a Baltimore shipping firm, and the family staunchly supported the South despite the state's occupation by Union troops. Three of the Gilmore sons served in the Confederate army as did numerous other relatives.<sup>11</sup> Realizing that federal occupa-

tion forces kept tight control on Maryland's secessionists, a female member of the Gilmor family commented in 1863 that "we are obliged to be very careful about holding any correspondence with the 'Confederacy' or we will have the 'skunk' after us."<sup>12</sup>

Gilmor's prowess on the battlefield was enhanced at Kelly's Ford in March 1863, where Major General J. E. B. Stuart, cavalry commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, commended him for bravery.<sup>13</sup> Indeed, Gilmor attracted attention both on the battlefield and in parlors throughout Virginia. Eva Lee, a teenage resident of "Weeping Willow" near Staunton, told Gilmor in 1864 that "the pleasure I have experienced in your society the few times I have been so happy makes me feel anxious to solicit another, or rather, *many more* such opportunities. I am so perfectly pleased with what I have seen of you that I *entreat* your permission to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance." Miss Lee concluded her letter by exclaiming that "my life [will] be devoted to the constant promotion of your happiness. Keep me not long in suspense. I shall be miserable until I hear from you."<sup>14</sup>

Gilmor encountered little difficulty in gaining army approval to form his own partisan ranger unit. On 7 May 1863, Gilmor addressed a short note to the secretary of war in Richmond, stating that "having become satisfied that a battalion of Maryland Cavalry can be raised in the Valley of Virginia I respectfully ask that authority may be granted me to raise such a Battalion." Gilmor failed to indicate what prompted this request nor did he provide any reasons why he thought his unit could enlist Marylanders who had not already joined the Confederate army. Gilmor also asked that "in case the authority is granted me that I may be allowed to operate outside our lines until my Battalion is mounted and equipped, and that it may be considered an *independent command* until its organization is complete."<sup>15</sup>

That the War Department granted Gilmor's request to raise a battalion for independent service is unusual in light of the numerous problems other partisan commands had experienced in procuring suitable recruits, officers, mounts, equipment, and weapons.<sup>16</sup> Despite the poor record of these units, Seddon endorsed Gilmor's proposal and told the adjutant general that same day to "allow the authority to Capt Gilmor (with the approval of Genl Stuart with whom he is now serving) to raise within or near the enemys lines a Battalion of Marylanders for the Prov. Army." The secretary added that General Stuart could post Gilmor "with any companies he may raise to service of an independent or partisan character until his full Command be raised."<sup>17</sup>

To the army's later regret, Seddon failed to specify any date by which Gilmor's "full command be raised."<sup>18</sup> Consequently, the Confederate chain of command exercised little control over Gilmor's organization and leadership of his new unit—an oversight that created enormous problems.

Captain Gilmor resigned his commission in the 12th Virginia Cavalry on 23 May 1863 at Camp Ashby near Harrisonburg to raise his new battalion as its major. When he received Gilmor's letter of resignation, Gen. Robert E. Lee accepted it with reluctance and commented, "I know nothing of the probability of success of raising this Battn. It takes a man from the cavy of this Army."<sup>19</sup>

Raising his new unit proved more difficult than Gilmore initially expected. In early June, he wrote the Confederate adjutant general for permission to join Brig. Gen. Albert G. Jenkins's cavalry brigade. E. A. Palfrey, assistant adjutant general in Richmond, told Gilmore on 11 June that the War Department would assign the new Maryland unit to a specific brigade only when the battalion had been duly organized and the muster rolls had been forwarded to the Confederate capital.<sup>20</sup>

The movement of the Confederate army into the valley and across the Potomac River delayed Gilmore's organizational efforts. Major Gilmore temporarily abandoned recruiting to scout for the army as it moved northward into Pennsylvania. By his own account, Gilmore commanded Lt. Col. Ridgely Brown's regular Maryland cavalry battalion and entered Gettysburg shortly after the Union withdrawal. He then served as the town's provost marshal, gathering Union prisoners, supplies and equipment, and assisting in the care of the wounded. He relinquished this duty on 2 July, and, as he later recalled, "I amused myself by riding from point to point to watch the fight." Gilmore took part in the fighting the following day and during the retreat to Virginia.<sup>21</sup>

As the Southern army made its precarious way back to the Old Dominion, Gilmore's first company joined him at Williamsport, Maryland. This company, commanded by Capt. Nicholas Burke, formed while Gilmore was with the Army of Northern Virginia. Gilmore designated Burke's unit as Company B. To serve as Company A in the new battalion, Gilmore planned to use his own Company F from the 12th Virginia Cavalry, but by early August, the 12th's commander demanded the return of Company F to his regiment, forcing Burke's company to become Company A of Gilmore's Battalion by default.<sup>22</sup>

Major Gilmore spent the remainder of the summer of 1863 raising new companies for his battalion. He reported to the adjutant general on 5 August the status of his command from his camp near Fisher's Hill. Gilmore told General Cooper that he had authorized six men to form new companies: Nicholas Burke, T. Sturgis Davis, Charles A. Bragonier, George E. Shearer, W. Y. Glenn, and J. Redmond Burke. He still could not fully organize the battalion and even complained that Confederate conscript officers had disbanded a company under Capt. Frank Ingle when it was "fully equipd and ready to take the field." Gilmore requested specific permission from General Cooper to continue recruiting for his battalion without harassment from regular army recruiters.<sup>23</sup>

As it turned out, only two of the six men Gilmore appointed actually went on to command companies in the battalion. Nicholas Burke took command of Company A while J. Redmond Burke raised Company D. The other men either failed to raise companies or, after raising a company, refused to join Gilmore's Battalion.<sup>24</sup> Indeed, Gilmore commissioned a mixed bag of men: in some cases, they proved to be rugged fighters—in at least one case, Gilmore appointed a bushwhacker to command one of his companies.<sup>25</sup> Twenty-five-year-old J. Redmond Burke proved to be one of the more successful officers in Gilmore's unit. A resident of Berkeley County, Burke joined a Virginia infantry unit in 1861 and then transferred to the 1st Virginia Cavalry Regiment. He fought with his father, Redmond Burke, who earned the

sobriquet of the "Potomac Scout" for his exploits with J. E. B. Stuart. Following his father's death at enemy hands in 1862, Burke continued the struggle and was twice captured by the Union army.<sup>26</sup>

Gilmor demonstrated less selectivity when he appointed George E. Shearer as a recruiting officer for the battalion. A native of Winchester, Shearer had no prior military service in the Confederate army but instead preyed upon helpless citizens in the area.<sup>27</sup> In early 1863, Shearer threatened to burn a house with its inhabitants still inside. Following his apprehension by Union forces in February, the provost marshal recorded that "the loyal citizens of this vicinity had learned to fear him for his many deeds of cruelty and villainy." Despite these charges, the federals exchanged Shearer only two months later.<sup>28</sup> Major Gilmor's association with Shearer gravely damaged the reputation of the new Maryland unit and had numerous ramifications within the Confederate chain of command.

Finding untapped reservoirs of volunteers within the war-torn Shenandoah Valley proved to be one of Gilmor's greatest headaches. In May 1863, Gilmor assumed that he could raise a battalion from Marylanders without any difficulty. Three months later, he learned that there were very few men from that border state who desired to serve in the Confederate army who were not already in the service. In his letter to the Confederate adjutant general on 5 August, Gilmor asked to be allowed to recruit Virginians for his battalion.<sup>29</sup> Gilmor followed this letter by paying a visit to Richmond to make a personal appeal for permission to recruit Virginians for his battalion. Brig. Gen. John D. Imboden, a former partisan officer now commanding the Valley District, supported Gilmor's move in a letter to the secretary of war on 27 August.<sup>30</sup>

These letters and Gilmor's visit displeased Secretary Seddon, who replied, "No Virginians liable to Conscription are allowed to be recruited. Only non Conscripts. It is evident that the power granted [to raise the battalion] has been exceeded and . . . I am greatly tempted to revoke it."<sup>31</sup> In a letter to General Imboden in September, the War Department strictly prohibited Gilmor's recruitment of men who were liable to conscription. The Confederate government expressly wanted only Marylanders and non-conscripts (those men under the age of seventeen or over forty-five or nonresidents of the Confederacy) recruited from behind the enemy's lines to serve in the new unit.<sup>32</sup>

With the restrictions placed on him by Richmond bureaucrats, Gilmor had few sources from which to draw recruits. The partisan service's long reputation as a haven for deserters from the main army proved no exception in Gilmor's battalion. The root of the problem centered on battalion officers who failed to uphold tough recruiting standards. In several cases, men received commissions as officers in the Maryland battalion while being absent without leave from their original commands.<sup>33</sup>

Soon the ranks of Gilmor's battalion sheltered men who had left the main army under less than desirable conditions. These soldiers created similar disciplinary problems in their new unit. Capt. Nicholas Burke charged two of his men, John Birchell and George Wagoner, with desertion in July while at Harrisonburg.

Birchell, already a deserter from the Union Army, soon escaped and returned to federal lines where, ironically, he took the oath of allegiance and was released.<sup>34</sup> Private Wagoner, a deserter from a Louisiana regiment, begged Captain Burke for mercy:

Will you be kind enough to reliese me from the guard House and take me to the Company again and I will go to my duty and doe it like a man. Capt doe not send me to Richmond for god sake for they will shoot me and capt I doe not think you want my blood on your hands, doe try me once more and you will not have any caus to regret it I will doe all you require of me and will be a Dutifull an Obediant Soldier.<sup>35</sup>

Whether Captain Burke actually released the penitent private is uncertain although he continued to rely upon deserters to fill his company's ranks. In October, Burke dispatched one of his lieutenants to Richmond to recruit ten "Yankee deserters" for Company A. The War Department even gave Burke permission to recruit these deserters from Richmond prisons.<sup>36</sup>

Major Gilmore overlooked numerous disciplinary infractions in his new organization. By early August 1863, Gilmore's men brought attention to themselves in the Shenandoah Valley—attention that was not particularly distinguished. Seventeen residents of Winchester protested to the Confederate government about the conduct of Major Gilmore's troops:

We have been, and now are, very much harassed and annoyed by small roving bands of Confederate Cavalry or who profess to belong to our army. They say that they belong to Maj. Gilmore's cavalry and to Capt. Shearer's company of cavalry. They are riding about the country in small parties very frequently intoxicated, many of them stealing horses, or whatever else they may want, sometimes arresting citizens, and in fact doing as much, if not more injury to us, than the Yankees. There seems to be an utter want of discipline, and the most of the men, in a state of demoralization. Between them and the Yankees, very few horses are left in the country, and it is with great difficulty that we can be furnished with wood even in the warm weather. If this seizing and carrying off horses is to be continued, we do not see what is to become of us in the winter.<sup>37</sup>



The Winchester petition marked the beginning of an almost endless stream of complaints by civilians and military officials alike against Gilmore's men. Major Gilmore responded to the charges of his men's misconduct on 6 October. He acknowledged that he had authorized Captain Shearer to raise a company for his battalion but told the War Department that Shearer had been taken prisoner only days before the citizens drew up their petition.<sup>38</sup> Gilmore asserted that his entire

battalion was under his personal command and it "is & always has been subject to the strictest discipline & I conduct an inspection of it at any time."<sup>39</sup>

Gilmor further stated that his command was on outpost duty between Fisher's Hill and New Market, with additional scouts deployed in Frederick, Clarke, Berkeley, and Jefferson counties. According to Gilmor, "I meet with favors of unflinching [unflinching] attachment to our country & assurances that the presence of my command is encouraging & benefiting to them." The thievery described by the civilians, Gilmor claimed, resulted from a "dangerous class of outlaws, Union refugees, deserters, conscripts," and not from his own soldiers.<sup>40</sup>

General Lee received the petition from the War Department and told General Imboden on 10 September that "prominent citizens of the valley have made serious complaints of the conduct of Captain Shearer's company, of Gilmor's battalion. I wish you would see to it. If they cannot be brought under proper discipline, and continue to harass our own citizens by their bad conduct, they had much better be disbanded."<sup>41</sup>

While Imboden's response to Lee's communique has not been located, it apparently eased the mounting criticism against Gilmor and his unit. Maj. Charles Marshall, Lee's aide-de-camp, told Imboden on 21 September that Lee was

gratified to learn that injustice has been done to Major Gilmor and his command. He says that he considers it necessary that every means should be used to capture or destroy the lawless men who have brought discredit upon the army. The interests of the cause and the character of our troops, particularly that of Major Gilmor's command, require that these deserters be arrested or destroyed, and a stop put to their marauding.

Lee ordered Imboden to "instruct your officers and men to take them [deserters and marauders] whenever they can, dead or alive. They must be exterminated, and every one who comes across them must take or shoot them."<sup>42</sup>

While still undergoing the throes of organization, Gilmor's Battalion met mixed success on the field of battle. Union cavalry nearly captured Gilmor in Jefferson County as his battalion returned from an unsuccessful raid into Maryland to seize horses. Gilmor and his men evaded the enemy only after killing the federal commander. In the middle of October, Gilmor launched a raid on the B&O Railroad. He allowed John C. Blackford, a former cavalry partisan commander whose company had disbanded, to lead the column.<sup>43</sup> While Gilmor lingered (to "see a rebel maiden," according to one Union account), the remainder of Gilmor's men pressed on across North Mountain.<sup>44</sup>

The column's movement alerted Union forces at Martinsburg. Detachments from the 1st New York and 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry rode hard into the night of 15 October and, with infantry support, made a night attack on the Southern camp. The federals utterly routed the sleeping partisans and seized thirty-seven men, including Blackford, Capt. Eugene Digges of Company B, Lt. William Reed of Company D, and Gilmor's adjutant, Herman F. Keidel.<sup>45</sup> The loss of these men at Hedgesville, West Virginia, severely reduced Gilmor's effective strength of person-



Brig. Gen. John D. Imboden, C.S.A., commander of the Shenandoah Valley district, urged Confederate Secretary of War James Seddon to allow Gilmor to form his own battalion. (*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*)

nel equipped with proper mounts—always an important consideration for Confederate cavalymen, who had to furnish their own horses.<sup>46</sup>

Only days after the loss of Blackford's party, Gilmor's Battalion participated in the capture of Charles Town, West Virginia. In a daring assault on the morning of 18 October 1863, General Imboden's command gained the small county seat and forced its evacuation by the 9th Maryland Infantry (U.S.). The Northerners fled in the direction of Harper's Ferry where they encountered Confederate cavalymen, including Gilmor's small battalion (only ninety-five troopers, some dismounted). After slight resistance, the nine months' soldiers from Baltimore threw down their arms and surrendered to the Southern raiders. The victory at Charles Town, which netted fifteen officers and 345 enlisted men, partially offset Gilmor's disaster at Hedgesville only days earlier.<sup>47</sup>

For the remaining months of 1863 and into early 1864, Gilmor and his men patrolled the Shenandoah Valley. Their presence continued to raise questions as to the exact status of the battalion as well as other independent Confederate units in western Virginia. Days after his victory at Charles Town, General Imboden responded to a complaint presented by a member of the Virginia House of Delegates that Gilmor had stolen horses from a farmer in 1862. A captain at the time of the alleged incident, Imboden admitted that deserters were rampant throughout the Valley District. Imboden felt that there was "but one mode of remedying these evils & that is to consolidate & organize the small companies now in this Dist: deprive them of their partizan character, and thus have a homogenous force in the valley, & then begin a war of extermination on the Deserters & the vagabonds from Balt:

who have come here for plunder & not to serve in the army." The general complained that "there are a great many Marylanders in this Dist. who are not in the army, & who do much of the mischief complained of, which is laid to the door of the soldiers."<sup>48</sup>

In another dispatch, Imboden requested in late October that Gilmer's Battalion be placed under his direct command and converted from their partisan status to that of regular troops. Discussing the various partisan units in the valley, Imboden noted that "these are all good troops, but for want of organization they are necessarily less efficient than they might be made and having no staff they are more trouble to subsist and manage than a Brigade." Imboden added that "their partizan character is also very objectionable—it is giving rise to discontent & dissatisfaction amongst the other troops."<sup>49</sup>

Imboden told the adjutant general of the difficulties he experienced in the Valley District: "The great extent of territory—a line extending from Harper's Ferry to Beverly over 200 miles under my command—renders it impossible to enforce good discipline & prevent wrongs to private property." The assistant secretary of war himself admitted on 5 November that the "partisan corps when left to themselves are little better than highwaymen."<sup>50</sup>

In the face of these difficulties, Major Gilmer failed to attract new soldiers. Upon the formation of his battalion in May, Gilmer had expected to bring his old company in the 12th Virginia Cavalry with him. When the regimental commander revoked this transfer, Gilmer did not give up hope. In November he obtained the support of A. R. Boteler, the Confederate congressman from the Shenandoah Valley. Boteler asked the secretary of war to transfer Gilmer's old company from the 12th Virginia to his new battalion. In its place, Boteler proposed that a new cavalry company under Capt. Fielding Helms Calmes be assigned to that regiment. Gilmer even delivered Boteler's letter to Richmond, but it again met without success.<sup>51</sup>

General Imboden questioned the presence of yet another Maryland cavalry unit among the numerous independent commands in the lower valley, this one commanded by Capt. T. Sturgis Davis. This company, originally recruited by Davis for Gilmer's Battalion, actually refused to join that unit. Gilmer told the War Department earlier in October that Davis had even established a separate camp. Davis, who had served with Gilmer in the same company at the beginning of the war, claimed that he planned to join Lieutenant Colonel Brown's battalion of Maryland cavalry with the main army. When this assignment did not take place, Davis also organized his own cavalry battalion in the valley.<sup>52</sup>

The presence of so many Confederate cavalry units raised havoc in the valley as they all foraged for limited food, fodder, and shelter. These same units also became involved in petty disturbances with civilians throughout the region. In mid-January 1864, a band of Southern troopers rode into Winchester and seized Union sympathizer William Dooley while he was at church. According to Union sources, the Confederates belonged to Gilmer's Battalion under the charge of a Lieutenant Gilmer.<sup>53</sup>



Col. R. S. Rodgers, the Union commander at Martinsburg, wrote on 21 January 1864 that "the arrest of a private citizen for holding loyal sentiments to the Government of the United States will certainly be punished by retaliation." Rodgers announced that "I shall feel it my duty to select the most worthy and influential citizens whose sentiments may be supposed to give countenance to those marauders."<sup>54</sup> In fact, Northern soldiers had already taken two prominent residents of Winchester on 18 January as hostages until Dooley's safe return. Ironically, one of the pro-Southern civilian detainees, Robert Y. Conrad, had signed the August 1863 petition of residents protesting Gilmore's actions around Winchester.<sup>55</sup>

By this time, the lower Shenandoah Valley had a notorious reputation in both North and South. The Washington *Evening Star* commented on 3 February that bands of robbers along the Shenandoah River in Jefferson and Clarke counties were "more dreaded than the Yankees."<sup>56</sup> The disappointing performance of partisan troops during a raid in West Virginia prompted Brig. Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, commanding a brigade of regular Confederate cavalrymen in the valley, to protest the presence of so many "irregular bodies of troops which occupy this country."<sup>57</sup>

Maj. Gen. Jubal Early, detailed to duty in the Shenandoah Valley in late 1863, was also disgusted with the cavalry he found on reporting to his new post. He commented in harsh terms about Imboden's command, which prompted that officer to ask General Lee for a formal court of inquiry to investigate the "good order, discipline, courage, and soldierly qualifications" of the Northwestern Brigade. While the request caused a minor stir at army headquarters, Lee regarded such an examination to be disadvantageous to the service and let the matter rest.<sup>58</sup>

A new chorus of outrage against Major Gilmore's battalion resounded in early 1864. On the morning of 12 February Gilmore and twenty-eight of his men cut the B&O Railroad between Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. At a whistle stop named Brown's Shop, the raiders placed obstacles across the track and halted the express train from Baltimore. Gilmore himself boarded the train, where he found civilian and military passengers who offered only slight resistance. The Southerners tried to liberate the contents of the train's safe, but when this proved impossible, Gilmore ordered his soldiers to burn the train except for the carriage carrying female passengers. At some point while he was preoccupied with the safe, Gilmore learned that his men were robbing passengers of their valuables.

Eyewitness accounts vary as to what actually transpired on the train. One witness recounted in the *New York Times* that the raiders were "lavish of profane, vulgar and threatening language, but perpetrated no bodily injury, took nothing from the ladies, with a single exception, performed the whole affair with the clumsiness of novitiates in robbery, and retired in haste from the 'sleeping car' on the accidental discharge of a pistol, before completing their work there leaving quite a number of persons undisturbed, except by a very great fright."<sup>59</sup> Another paper stated that the Southern raiders robbed the train "most thoroughly, with all the grace and sang froid of experienced highwaymen." According to this account, "those who did the robbing were accompanied by pistol holders, who thrust the muzzles under the noses of their victims whilst they were being plundered."<sup>60</sup> The arrival of an

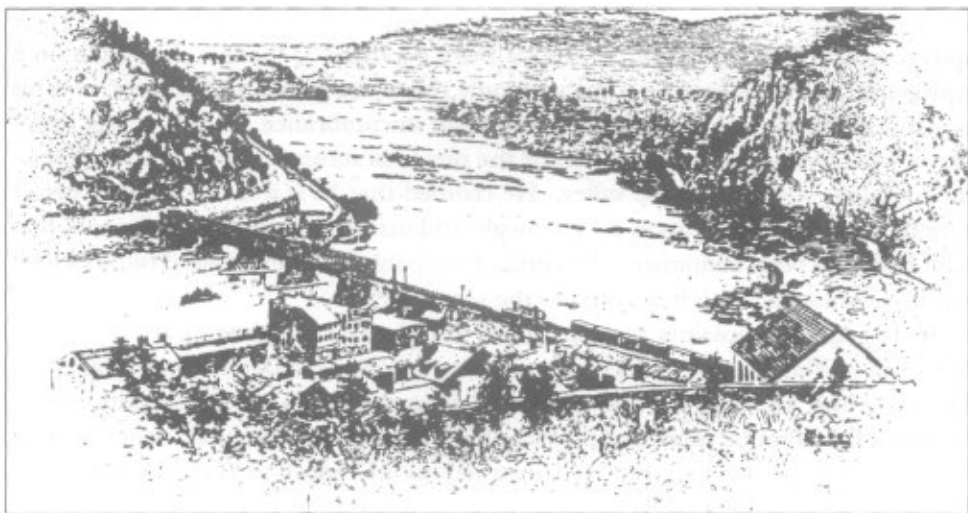
eastbound train with federal troops scattered Gilmor's men. A Baltimore newspaper reported:

the parties who committed this robbery are sons of some of the chivalry and Rebel sympathizing Baltimoreans. They constitute a portion of Gilmor's band. Beside Baltimore born robbers, there were engaged some of the sons of the wealthy and heretofore respectable residents of Jefferson and Berkeley counties, Virginia. It is said that there were in the party the sons of Marylanders and distinguished gentlemen living in and in the neighborhood of Cumberland.<sup>61</sup>

Reports that Gilmor's men had robbed a Jewish merchant in the valley near Strasburg immediately followed the news of his controversial action on the B&O. A resident of Winchester complained to General Early on 15 February that seven Confederate cavalymen robbed a merchant, transporting goods along the Valley Turnpike. The merchant, by the name of Hyman, lost about \$6,000 in gold pieces and a number of personal items. One of the members of the caravan, a young teenager named Ezekiel, also lost a woman's watch to the renegade Confederates. When the group arrived in Richmond, Ezekiel's father reported the crime to the city's provost marshal, who dispatched two detectives to the lower valley to investigate and arrest the culprits. The two policemen returned to Richmond without success, although a Confederate officer in Harrisonburg claimed that the investigators had been bribed not to make any arrests. This officer, Maj. E. W. Cross, stated to the Richmond authorities that the identity of the guilty party was known throughout the region. Cross specifically blamed Major Gilmor and said that Gilmor had "boasted that he had arranged the whole affair" and that he could "manage the whole detective force of the Government."<sup>62</sup>

The news from the valley disturbed General Lee, who told the secretary of war on 6 March that "I have heard that a party of Gilmor's battalion, after arresting the progress of a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, took from the passengers their purses and watches." While protesting the action of Union raiders under Gen. Hugh Judson Kilpatrick and Col. Ulric Dahlgren around Richmond, Lee observed of Gilmor's raid that "as far as I know no military object was accomplished after gaining possession of the cars, and the act appears to have been one of plunder. Such conduct is unauthorized and discreditable. Should any of the battalion be captured the enemy might claim to treat them as highway robbers."<sup>63</sup>

Lee ordered an investigation of the B&O incident while General Imboden once again wrote to Confederate headquarters on 29 February requesting clarification of the status of Gilmor's Battalion. He found that the unit had been the source of many complaints and wanted the Marylanders transferred to Stuart's cavalry in eastern Virginia. "Otherwise," Imboden declared, "I see no means of repressing the lawlessness in the lower valley where every Cut throat & vagabond, who is not in the army, passes through the country on the claim of being 'one of Gilmor's men.' Remove Gilmor's command and the mode of escape will be cut off from these fellows."<sup>64</sup>



The B&O Railroad at Harper's Ferry. Gilmor's band cut the line and raided the express train from Baltimore on 12 February 1864. (*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*)

The entire Confederate chain of command concurred with Imboden's recommendation. J. E. B. Stuart wrote on 7 March that "Gilmor's command be disbanded except such companies as may elect to join some regt. in the organization of April 16, 1862." General Lee likewise supported the conversion of Gilmor's partisan battalion to a regular organization. Maj. Samuel W. Melton of the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office stated later in March that Gilmor's unit should be offered the opportunity to report to Camp Maryland at Staunton to join the newly revived Maryland Line, under Maj. Gen. Arnold Elzey or face disbandment.<sup>65</sup>

In the meantime, the Confederate War Department ordered General Imboden to investigate the circumstances surrounding the train incident and the robbery complaints in the valley. The results of this investigation are briefly summarized in the *Official Records* and point to Gilmor's culpability in not controlling his men. According to testimony provided by Capt. David M. Ross of Company C, Major Gilmor "arranged the affair of robbing the Jew; had put the men concerned all right, and had stood off and seen the thing well done."<sup>66</sup>

Gilmor concedes in his post-war memoir that a military court-martial convened in Staunton to try him on unspecified charges in early April. The major's comments (one paragraph in his book) are the only known account of this trial. The charges and specifications do not survive nor are there any transcripts of the court-martial. Likewise, if the results of the court-martial were published, the general orders have not been located. Interestingly, Gilmor did not mention the robbery incident in the valley at all in his book. He contended that his trial dealt only with the B&O train robbery. Gilmor admitted that the proceedings lasted a week but that the court, presided over by Col. Richard H. Dulany of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, took only five minutes to acquit him.<sup>67</sup>

While facing court-martial charges, other commanders in the valley vented their spleen against Gilmor. Capt. T. Sturgis Davis reported to General Imboden on 8 April that "Gilmor's battalion has now only thirty-five horses fit for duty, and his transportation is entirely useless, more of an encumbrance than anything else." Davis, who had refused to join Gilmor the previous summer, now commanded an independent battalion in the valley. He claimed that "it is a shame that no better care has been bestowed upon it. The neglectful manner in which the affairs of that battalion have been administered is certainly culpable in the extreme. I found scarce any one connected with it devoted to the service."<sup>68</sup>

By mid-April complaints against Gilmor and the few remaining partisan ranger units still in Virginia reached a crescendo, forcing the War Department to act. On 21 April, the secretary of war approved General Lee's recommendation that Gilmor's Battalion be mustered into Confederate service and issued orders to that effect on 5 May. Gilmor received instructions to report to Camp Maryland at Staunton, where General Elzey would enlist the Marylanders into regular service as the 2d Maryland Cavalry Battalion. Members of the battalion who were not Marylanders had permission to transfer to other commands at this time.<sup>69</sup>

As it turned out, the exigencies of war prevented Gilmor from reporting to General Elzey. Pressure from Union forces in the Shenandoah Valley in May 1864, coupled with the movement of enemy troops towards Richmond, forced Confederate commanders to call upon all troops to defend the state. General Elzey furnished Major Gilmor with a handful of fresh troops but never formally reorganized Gilmor's Battalion. By mid-June Elzey admitted the futility of recruiting for the Maryland Line at Staunton. He subsequently requested that the War Department close Camp Maryland and that he be assigned to new duties.<sup>70</sup>

Major Gilmor and his command served with Confederate forces in the Shenandoah Valley, around Lynchburg, and on the drive to Washington, throughout the spring and summer of 1864. Gilmor is perhaps best remembered for his raid around Baltimore during Early's movement on Washington in July. This daring raid behind the enemy's lines resulted in the capture of a Union general, but once again Gilmor's men demonstrated their carelessness: the officer, Maj. Gen. William B. Franklin, escaped from his exhausted captors while they slept.<sup>71</sup>

Gilmor commanded his battalion throughout the summer and played a prominent role in the destruction of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, a raid marked by numerous acts of depredation by ill-disciplined Southern horsemen. Major Gilmor in his autobiography discussed at length his role during this action and wrote that the "burning of Chambersburg was an awful sight, nor could I look on without deep sorrow, although I had been hardened by such scenes in Virginia."<sup>72</sup>

Upon the return of Early's cavalry, under brigadier generals John McCausland and Bradley T. Johnson, to West Virginia, Union forces launched a surprise attack at Moorefield during the early morning hours of 7 August 1864. The bulk of the 2d Maryland Cavalry fell prisoner, including Capt. James L. Clark, whose Company F had finally transferred to Gilmor's command from the 12th Virginia Cavalry. It

was a devastating blow that crippled the small Maryland unit with the loss of six officers and forty-five men.<sup>73</sup>

Following the debacle at Moorefield, Confederate commanders attempted to correct some of the problems of the mounted branch in the Shenandoah Valley. Two weeks after Moorefield, Gen. Robert Ransom recommended the consolidation of the two battalions of Maryland cavalry, the 1st and 2d.<sup>74</sup> Gen. Lunsford L. Lomax also made the same suggestion to Early on 14 September and stated that the two battalions should form a regiment. Lomax observed that "the command is now very indifferently organized and is insufficient from its perfect want of discipline."<sup>75</sup>

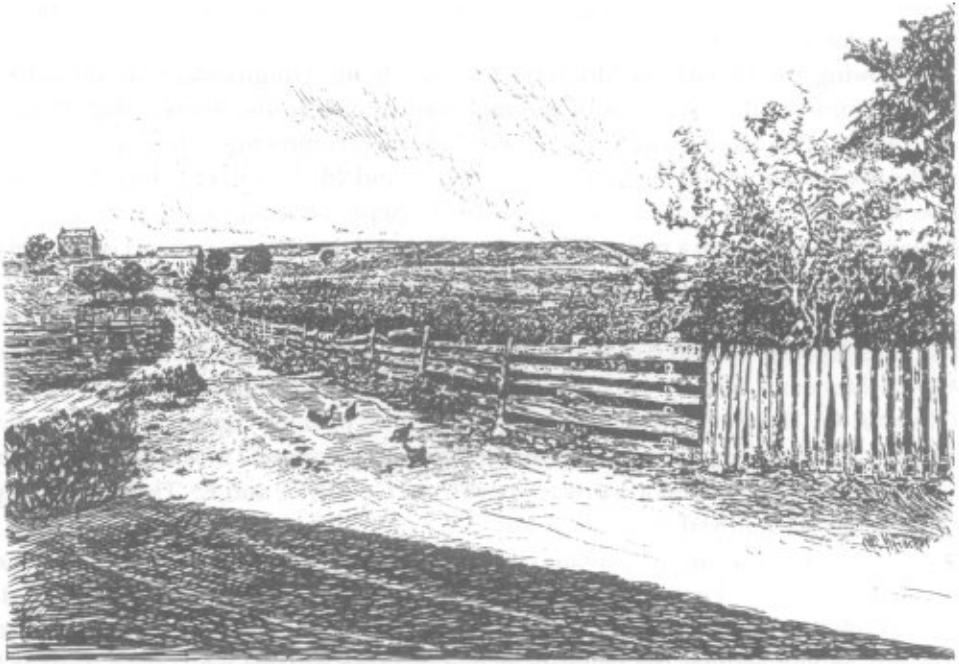
While the 1st Maryland Cavalry counted 598 officers and men present and absent (with nearly three hundred of that number absent in prison, detached or wounded), the 2d Maryland Cavalry had less than a hundred men present for duty. Capt. Gustavus W. Dorsey, who had recently transferred with his company from the 1st Virginia Cavalry Regiment, commented on the 2d Maryland's morning report that "it is impossible to obtain a correct report from Co's B, C, and E. Their Company officers are all captured, & the rolls lost."<sup>76</sup>

To command this new regiment, General Lomax recommended that Gilmor be promoted to colonel with Captain Dorsey assuming the rank of lieutenant colonel. Lomax felt that Capt. George M. Emack, a company commander in the 1st Maryland Cavalry, should assume the majority as one of those officers who "have [proven] themselves to be gallant and efficient soldiers, and competent for the position."<sup>77</sup> Lomax's proposed consolidation plan failed, in part because of resistance from members of the 1st Maryland Cavalry and inaction on the part of the Confederate government.<sup>78</sup>

The proposed consolidation also failed to win official recognition because Major Gilmor suffered a wound in his upper neck and shoulder blades at Bunker Hill on 3 September. From that point onward, Gilmor's command "dwindled away," and he never really tried to reform it after the multiple disasters at Third Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek.<sup>79</sup> In December, Gilmor took leave and traveled throughout the South. Upon his return to the Shenandoah Valley, Early ordered him to proceed to Hardy County, West Virginia. Early wanted Gilmor to refit his own battalion and strengthen it by taking command of two independent partisan companies, Jesse C. McNeill's and Charles H. Woodson's Missouri rangers. Not surprisingly, both companies refused to join Gilmor, and Early appealed to General Lee on 31 January 1865 to abolish the partisan ranger status of McNeill's unit.<sup>80</sup>

Gilmor, in addition to these troubles, failed to reorganize his own command. He told the adjutant general's office on 22 January that he could not provide a roster of officers because "when I returned to duty a short time ago I found only two officers with the remnant of my battalion & but 15, or 20 men. The balance are scattered all over the lower Valley, but are principally with Mosby."<sup>81</sup>

Within days after authorities in Richmond received Major Gilmor's communique, he fell into Union hands. Gilmor's capture on 3 February, under less than heroic circumstances, conclusively ended the threat that his presence posed to Union forces in the Shenandoah Valley.<sup>82</sup> Gen. Philip Sheridan admitted in his official report in



The Shenandoah Valley south of Winchester, summer 1865. Formerly the “breadbasket of the Confederacy,” it now is barren and quiet after four years of war. (*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*.)

1866 that the loss of Gilmor severed “the last link between Maryland and the Confederacy.”<sup>83</sup> He ended the war in a Union prison cell in Boston Harbor and was not released until the summer of 1865.



Harry Gilmor remains a romantic figure of the Civil War. His exploits, well detailed in *Four Years in the Saddle*, have captured the imagination of readers since its publication in 1866. By the time of his death in 1883, Gilmor had achieved a legendary position in the pantheon of Maryland Confederate heroes.<sup>84</sup> He remains one of the best known Confederate warriors from that border state to this day. His courage and devotion to duty rightly denote his status in Confederate Maryland history.

At the same time, however, his leadership skills beyond squad level do not define him as an effective commander. His battalion suffered from innumerable organizational problems that stemmed from his appointment of poor officers and his resultant lax leadership. Gilmor’s Battalion gained notoriety for its lack of discipline, which created significant problems within the Confederate command structure and affected military-civilian relations. His unit’s performance in battle

was also less than spectacular, and the battalion often fell victim to Union surprise attacks.

While many of these problems were endemic to partisan warfare throughout the South, Major Gilmor maintained little control over his unit when compared with his counterpart, Col. John Singleton Mosby, who operated on the eastern face of the Blue Ridge. As a consequence, Fairfax, Fauquier, and Loudoun counties are known to this day as "Mosby's Confederacy." There is no corresponding tradition of a "Gilmor's Confederacy," for obvious reasons, in the counties of the lower Shenandoah Valley.

## NOTES

1. For general histories of the war in the Shenandoah Valley, see Robert G. Tanner, *Stonewall in the Valley: Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson's Shenandoah Valley Campaign, Spring 1862* (New York: Doubleday and Company, 1976); William C. Davis, *The Battle of New Market* (Garden City: Doubleday and Company, 1975); B. F. Cooling, *Jubal Early's Raid on Washington 1864* (Baltimore: The Nautical and Aviation Publishing Company, 1989); Edward J. Stackpole, *Sheridan in the Shenandoah: Jubal Early's Nemesis* (New York: Bonanza Books, 1961); and Jeffry D. Wert, *From Winchester to Cedar Creek: The Shenandoah Campaign of 1864* (Carlisle: South Mountain Press, 1987).

2. Recent histories of the Civil War in various counties of the valley include Roger U. Delauter, Jr., *Winchester in the Civil War* (Lynchburg: H. E. Howard, 1992); Stephen Douglas Engle, *Thunder in the Hills: Military Operations in Jefferson County during the American Civil War* (Charleston: Mountain State Press, 1989); Richard B. Kleese, *Shenandoah County in the Civil War: The Turbulent Years* (Lynchburg: H. E. Howard, 1992); and Edward H. Philips, *The Lower Shenandoah Valley in the Civil War: The Impact of the War upon the Civilian Population and upon Civil Institutions* (Lynchburg: H. E. Howard, 1993). The number of Union and Confederate occupations of Winchester is found in Winchester-Frederick County Civil War Centennial Commission, *Civil War Battles in Winchester and Frederick County, Virginia 1861-1865* (n.p., 1960).

3. The importance of the Shenandoah Valley to both sides is discussed in Tanner, *Stonewall in the Valley*, pp. 19-23 and 38-42.

4. For a discussion of the overall manpower situation in the Confederacy in 1862, see Albert B. Moore, *Conscription and Conflict in the Confederacy* (New York: Hillary House, 1963). The role of partisan rangers in the Southern war effort is found in Jeffry D. Wert, *Mosby's Rangers* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1990), pp. 69-71. For a complete copy of the Confederate Partisan Ranger Act, as announced in General Orders Number 30, 28 April 1862, see U.S. War Department, *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, ser. 4, vol. 1 (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1880), pp. 1094-95 (hereafter cited as *Official Records*).

5. For an example of one Confederate officer's complaints against the use of state partisan rangers even before the act's passage in the Confederate Congress, see Brig. Gen. Henry Heth's letter to the governor of Virginia, *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 57, pt. 2, p. 526. General Heth also heard a similar complaint from a citizen of western Virginia; *ibid.*, pp. 531–32.

6. *Official Records*, ser. 4, vol. 1, pp. 1151–52; and ser. 4, vol. 2, p. 26.

7. *Ibid.*, vol. 2, p. 289.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 585.

9. Among the many books that discuss Mosby's military career and the history of his unit, see Wert, *Mosby's Rangers*, pp. 47, 74.

10. Harry Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1866) is an autobiographical look at Gilmor's Civil War service. Among the first books by a Confederate officer after the war, one modern Civil War historian has questioned the book's authorship and authenticity. See James I. Robertson, Jr., "The War in Words," *Civil War Times Illustrated*, 16 (May 1977): 48. This criticism is dismissed by Daniel Carroll Toomey in his introduction to the Butternut and Blue Press edition of Gilmor's book.

11. Harry Gilmor's brothers, Meredith and Richard T. Gilmor, were also officers in the 2d Maryland Cavalry Battalion. Meredith, only eighteen years old in 1863, was a second lieutenant in Company A when he was captured by Union forces. He was held as a prisoner of war until 1865. Meredith Gilmor later joined the U.S. Army in 1880 and served until his discharge for injuries in 1885. He died of an overdose of morphine in Maryland in 1900. Richard T. Gilmor served as a second lieutenant in the 1st Maryland Infantry Regiment (C.S.) and later as an enlisted man in the 12th Virginia Cavalry Regiment. He became an officer in Gilmor's Battalion in 1863 and commanded the remnant of the unit at the end of the war. He returned to Baltimore and worked as bailiff in the city's court system. Richard T. Gilmor died there in 1908. For a summary description of Meredith and Richard T. Gilmor, see Kevin Conley Ruffner, "Border State Warriors: Maryland's Junior Officer Corps in the Union and Confederate Armies" (Ph.D. dissertation, The George Washington University, 1991), p. 433.

12. Mary Gilmor to Richard Gilmor, 2 October 1863, Harry Gilmor Papers, Ms. 1288, Maryland Historical Society (hereafter cited as Gilmor Papers, MdHS). In fact, Sarah Hutchins of Baltimore was tried by a Union military commission in 1864 for corresponding with Gilmor and giving him a sword. She was sentenced to prison for five years. *Baltimore American and Commercial Advertiser*, 26 November 1864 (hereafter cited as *Baltimore American*).

13. W. W. Goldsborough, *The Maryland Line in the Confederate Army 1861–1865* (Baltimore: Guggenheimer, Weil, and Company, 1900; reprint ed., Gaithersburg: Olde Soldier Books, 1987), p. 243.

14. Eva Lee to Gilmor, 2 April 1864, Gilmor Papers, MdHS. See also her follow-up letter to Gilmor on 9 April 1864.

15. Gilmor to Seddon, 7 May 1863, Gilmor file, 12th Virginia Cavalry Regiment, Record Group 109, Roll 117, M324, Compiled Service Records of Confederate



Soldiers Who Served in Organizations from Virginia, National Archives (hereafter cited as Gilmor, unit designation, CSR).

16. For an example of the problems experienced by officers in raising partisan units, see Kevin Conley Ruffner, "Civil War Letters of a Washington Rebel," *Washington History: Magazine of the Historical Society of Washington. D.C.*, 4 (1992–93): 56–71.

17. Endorsement, Gilmor to Seddon, 7 May 1863, Gilmor, 12th Virginia Cavalry Regiment, CSR.

18. Ibid.

19. Endorsement, Gilmor to Samuel Cooper, 23 May 1863, Gilmor, 12th Virginia Cavalry Regiment, CSR.

20. Palfrey to Gilmor, 11 June 1863, RG 109, roll 4, M627, Letters and Telegrams Sent by the Confederate Adjutant and Inspector General, 1861–1865, National Archives (hereafter cited as Letters and Telegrams).

21. Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle*, p. 98.

22. Ibid., p. 77. For a discussion of the circumstances of the return of Gilmor's old company to the 12th Virginia Cavalry Regiment, see Gilmor to Walter H. Taylor, 2 March 1864, 2d Maryland Cavalry Battalion, RG 109, roll 7, M321, Compiled Service Records of Confederate Soldiers Who Served in Organizations from the State of Maryland, National Archives (hereafter cited as Gilmor, unit designation, CSR).

23. Gilmor to Cooper, 5 August 1863, Letter 746-J-1863, M474, Letters Received by the Confederate Adjutant and Inspector General, 1861–1865, National Archives (hereafter cited by letter number and LAIGO). No record has been found concerning Ingle's company.

24. As will be seen, T. Sturgis Davis refused to join Gilmor's battalion; George E. Shearer was captured by Union troops; the record is uncertain as to the status of Bragonier's and Glenn's companies.

25. George E. Shearer.

26. Burke to Seddon, 9 May 1863, Burke, 2d Maryland Cavalry, CSR; Burke, 1st Virginia Cavalry, CSR; Ruffner, "Border State Warriors," pp. 423–24; and Robert J. Driver, Jr., *1st Virginia Cavalry* (Lynchburg: H. E. Howard, 1991), p. 156. There is some confusion in the records between Redmond Burke and his son, J. Redmond Burke. The latter served as a company commander in Gilmor's unit. A listing of the members of Gilmor's unit is found in Fritz Haselberger, "2nd Maryland Cavalry Battalion C.S.A.: Roster and Losses Arranged by Name-Date-Place-Time" (Maryland Historical Society Library, 1992).

27. Confusion also exists in the records between George M. E. Shearer, who served as an officer in the 1st Maryland Infantry Regiment and later as a staff officer, and George E. Shearer of the 2d Maryland Cavalry. The former was taken prisoner twice, in 1862 and 1864, and held prisoner until the end of the war. Capt. George E. Shearer of Gilmor's Battalion was a resident of Frederick County, Virginia, but never served as a lieutenant in either the 51st Virginia Militia (from Frederick County) or in the 51st Virginia Infantry Regiment.

28. Capt. W. D. Alexander, provost marshal at Winchester, to Provost Marshal at Martinsburg, 12 February 1863, Shearer, RG 109, M347, Unfiled Papers and Slips Belonging in Confederate Compiled Service Records, National Archives (hereafter cited as Unfiled CSR).
29. Letter 746-J-1863, LAIGO.
30. Imboden to Seddon, 27 August 1863, Letter 746-J-1863, LAIGO.
31. See Endorsement to Gilmor's letter, 5 August 1863, Letter 746-J-1863, LAIGO.
32. Palfrey to Imboden, 15 September 1863, roll 4, Letters and Telegrams.
33. Capt. J. Redmond Burke was among the officers absent without leave. Officer absenteeism drew the attention of General Lee and the secretary of war; see *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 33, pt. 2, pp. 1120–21.
34. John Birchell, 2d Maryland Cavalry, CSR.
35. George Wagoner to Captain Burk[e], 26 July 1863, RG 109, box 10, Departmental Records (carded), Department of Henrico, National Archives.
36. J. H. Carrington to Capt. W. S. Winder, 16 October 1863, Letter 831-C-1863, RG 109, M437, Letters Received by the Confederate secretary of war, 1861–1865, National Archives (hereafter cited by letter number and LSOW). For an example of men recruited for Gilmor's Battalion and other units in Richmond, see C.S.A. War Department, Conscription Bureau Enrolling Book 1863–64, Mss. 3C7608a, Virginia Historical Society (hereafter cited as VHS). Recruitment notices for the battalion appeared in the Richmond *Daily Dispatch*, 27 January and 1 February 1864.
37. Citizens of Winchester to Seddon, 11 August 1863, Letter 1489-W-1863, LAIGO; an example of another complaint by a citizen about Gilmor's men is found in R. E. Byrd affidavit, 2 October 1863, Byrd Family Papers, Mss. 1B99686222, VHS.
38. Gilmor's response to the Winchester petition, 6 October 1863, Letter 1489-W-1863, LAIGO. Captain Shearer was captured by Union troops in Winchester on 8 August 1863. He was tried by a Union military commission on the charge of "being a guerrilla" and was found guilty and sentenced to fifteen years hard labor in the spring of 1864. Shearer escaped from Fort McHenry in Baltimore on 15 May 1864 and was later reported in the Winchester area. For more details on this renegade officer, see Shearer, 2d Maryland Cavalry, CSR; Shearer, Unfiled CSR; Shearer, RG 109, M345, Union Provost Marshal's File of Papers Relating to Individual Civilians, National Archives; Shearer, RG 109, M416, Union Provost Marshal's File of Papers Relating to Two or More Civilians, National Archives; and Baltimore *American*, 18 August 1863 and 17 May 1864; *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 29, pt. 1, p. 74; and NN107, Proceedings of a Military Commission, U.S. v. George E. Shearer, RG 153, Records of the Judge Advocate General, National Archives.
39. Gilmor's response, Letter 1489-W-1863, LAIGO.
40. Ibid.
41. *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 29, part 2, p. 709.
42. Ibid., p. 739.
43. Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle*, pp. 107–12. Gilmor's account is vague as to which Captain Blackford commanded the raiding party. It was not Capt. William Willis Blackford, who served in the 1st Virginia Cavalry Regiment and later on Stuart's staff. W. W. Blackford, according to his memoirs, *War Years with JEB Stuart*,

was with the Army of Northern Virginia at the time of the raid. For confirmation that John C. Blackford led Gilmor's men, see F. K. Shawham to provost marshal, Baltimore, 16 October 1863, Blackford, Unfiled CSR. For further details on Capt. John C. Blackford's military career, see Blackford, 2d Maryland Cavalry, CSR, and Lee A. Wallace, Jr., *A Guide to Virginia Military Organizations 1861-1865*, 2nd ed. (Lynchburg: H. E. Howard, 1986), p. 54.

44. An article by "Grapeshot" labelled Gilmor's men "the knights of the order of the rum punch" (Baltimore *American*, 21 October 1863). This same article was later reprinted in Frank Moore, ed., *The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events with Documents, Narratives, Illustrative Incidents, Poetry, Etc.* (11 vols.; New York: D. Van Nostrand, 1864), 7:565-66.

45. For descriptions of the engagement, see Baltimore *American*, 21 October 1863; *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 29, pt. 1, p. 483; Baltimore *American*, 19 and 23 October 1863. See also "War Record of Lieut. Herman F. Keidel, 1861-1865" and Keidel's letters from Union prisoner-of-war camps, 1863-1865, Keidel Family Papers, Miscellaneous Manuscript Collection 3344, Library of Congress (hereafter referred to as LC).

46. Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle*, p. 112.

47. *Ibid.*, pp. 113-17. For a review of the defeat at Charles Town from a Union perspective, see Paul E. Marr, Jr. and Michael P. Musick, eds., "They are Coming": Testimony at the Court of Inquiry on Imboden's Capture of Charles Town," *Magazine of the Jefferson County Historical Society*, 54 (December 1988): 15-53.

48. Imboden to Seddon, 26 October 1863, Letter 1086-L-1863, LAIGO.

49. Imboden to Cooper, 26 October 1863, Letter 947-J-1863, LAIGO.

50. *Ibid.* For an example of Imboden's inability to maintain law and order, see Imboden to Winchester Town Council, 27 November 1863, John D. Imboden Papers, MMC, LC.

51. Boteler to Seddon, 4 November 1863, Letter 803-B-1863, LSOW. Calmes' company was later assigned to the 23rd Virginia Cavalry Regiment. Calmes (he was promoted in the process) eventually was captured by Union troops. A Northerner described him as one of "the most notorious horse-thieves and bushwhackers in the country." See Wallace, *Guide*, pp. 62-63; *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 37, pt. 1, pp. 386-87.

52. Gilmor to Seddon, 6 October 1863, Letter 1489-W-1863, LAIGO. Davis later expanded his company into yet another battalion, which eventually became part of the 23rd Virginia Cavalry (Wallace, *Guide*, pp. 62-63).

53. *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 33, p. 393; Delauter, *Winchester in the Civil War*, pp. 63-64; and Washington *Evening Star*, 22 January 1864. The lieutenant Gilmor mentioned appears to have been Richard T. Gilmor.

54. *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 33, pp. 400-1; Washington *Evening Star*, 3 February 1864.

55. Letter 1489-W-1863, LAIGO.

56. Washington *Evening Star*, 3 February 1864.

57. *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 33, pp. 1081-82.

58. Ibid., ser. 1, vol. 33, pp. 1166–68; Douglas Southall Freeman, *Lee's Lieutenants: A Study in Command*, (3 vols.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1944), 3:326–28. Early's first impression of Confederate cavalry in the Valley was not favorable, and this had later ramifications when he commanded the Valley District in 1864. See Robert K. Krick, "'The Cause of All My Disasters': Jubal A. Early and the Undisciplined Valley Cavalry," in Gary W. Gallagher, ed., *Struggle for the Shenandoah: Essays on the 1864 Valley Campaign* (Kent, Ohio: Kent State University Press, 1991), pp. 77–106.

59. Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle*, pp. 143–46; Virgil Carrington Jones, *Gray Ghosts and Rebel Raiders* (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1956), pp. 215–17; *New York Times*, 15 February 1864; and *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 33, p. 151.

60. Jones, *Gray Ghosts and Rebel Raiders*, pp. 216–17.

61. *Baltimore American*, 16 Feb. 1864; see also account of Charles Eichler, *Baltimore American*, 17 February 1864. The reference to wealthy residents of Cumberland, Maryland, may pertain to William W. McKaig, Jr., the son of a leading Cumberland family. McKaig was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute in 1861 and later served as an officer in Company A of Gilmor's Battalion. He was captured a month after the B&O train raid. For a description of his wartime activities and his postwar career, see Helene L. Baldwin, Michael Allen Mudge, and Keith W. Schlegel, eds., *The McKaig Family Journal: A Confederate Family of Cumberland* (Baltimore: Gateway Press, 1984). Interesting details about McKaig's murder in Cumberland and other records are found in his alumni file at VMI.

62. *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 33, pp. 152–53, and Jones, *Gray Ghosts and Rebel Raiders*, p. 217. A search of the Compiled Service Records fails to provide any clues as to the identity of Maj. E. W. Cross in Staunton.

63. *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 33, pp. 222–23.

64. Imboden to Col. R. H. Chilton, 29 February 1864, Letter 234-J-1864, LAIGO.

65. Ibid; *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol 33, p. 1312.

66. *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 33, pp. 152–54. Other Confederate soldiers also admitted to the fact that Gilmor's men lived from captured plunder. Pvt. William Delisle of Company A told a federal interrogator in 1863 that "all the plunder we capture it is divided among those engaged in the fight. Every private in Harry Gillmore Independent Battalion makes about two thousand dollars a month besides there pay from the government." Statement of William Delisle to Michael Graham, 15 October 1863, part 2, entry 3980, box 9, Miscellaneous Letters, Reports, and Lists Received 1861–65, RG 393, Records of U.S. Army Continental Army Commands, National Archives.

67. Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle*, p. 146. Ironically, the general orders recording the charges, specifications, and verdicts of a court-martial for enlisted men in Imboden's Brigade at Staunton for the same period survive at the University of Virginia.

68. *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 51, pt. 2, p. 853.

69. *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 33, pp. 1252–53.

70. Ibid., vol. 40, pt. 2, p. 650. Gilmor's Battalion received new recruits transferred from South Carolina. See Richard P. Weinert, Jr., *The Confederate Regular Army* (Shippensburg, Pa.: White Mane Publishing Co., 1991), pp. 92–95.

71. Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle*, pp. 148–208; Geoffrey W. Field, ed., "Gilmor's Field Report of his Raid in Baltimore County," *Maryland Historical Magazine* 47 (1952): 324–40. For a discussion of Gilmor's role in the Maryland campaign, see Cooling, *Jubal Early's Raid*, pp. 157–76.

72. Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle*, p. 212; and *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 43, pt. 1, pp. 4–8.

73. Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle*, pp. 221–25; *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 43, pt. 1, pp. 4–8. For further details on the transfer of Captain Clark and his men from the 12th Virginia Cavalry, see Petition of Officers and Men to Elzey, 2 April 1864, Letter 244-V-1864, LAIGO; and Clark to Cooper, 6 March 1865, Letter 443-C-1865, LAIGO.

74. *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 43, pt. 1, pp. 1003–4.

75. Lomax to Lt. Col. Alexander S. Pendleton, 14 September 1864, Letter 1244-L-1864, LAIGO; for General Early's approval of this proposal, see *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 43, pt. 2, p. 874.

76. Letter 1244-L-1864, LAIGO.

77. Ibid.

78. Petition of 1st Maryland Cavalry to President Davis, 6 June 1864, Letter 1562-M-1864, LAIGO; Petition of 1st Maryland Cavalry to President Davis, 15 September 1864, Letter 2130-W-1864, LAIGO; and Endorsement, Lomax to Pendleton, Letter 1244-L-1864, LAIGO.

79. Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle*, p. 257.

80. Ibid, pp. 276–77; *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 51, pt. 2, pp. 1060–61; and Roger U. Delauter, Jr., *McNeil's Rangers* (Lynchburg, Va.: H. E. Howard, 1986), pp. 92–93.

81. Gilmor to Jon W. Riley, 22 January 1865, Letter 85-G-1865, LAIGO.

82. For a description of Gilmor's capture, see John Bakeless, "Catching Harry Gilmor," *Civil War Times Illustrated*, 10 (April 1971): 34–40; and Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle*, pp. 277–91.

83. *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 43, pt. 1, p. 56.

84. His funeral in Baltimore was an impressive ceremony and his death was greatly mourned in the city, see *Baltimore Sun*, 5, 6, and 8 March 1883.



John Pendleton Kennedy, a Southern unionist, fought with Whig logic and a pamphlet campaign to keep Maryland in the Union during the secession crisis of 1861. (Courtesy of the Peabody Library.)

# Maintaining the Center: John Pendleton Kennedy, the Border States, and the Secession Crisis

STEFAN NESENHÖNER

The South has long been a clearly perceived regional entity. This is especially true for the Old South: ruled by a planter class and based on slavery, it seemed to be a monolith. Only recently have historians come to show greater interest in its internal divisions.<sup>1</sup> One division became visible at the peak of the sectional crisis of 1860–61. After Lincoln's election, Southern nationalists believed that the threat of Republican rule would unite the South. Only the seven states of the deep South, however, seceded. The other eight slave states remained in the Union until the outbreak of the Civil War, at which time four joined the Confederacy.

The division of the South into two equally important parts during the crucial six months following Lincoln's election, and the role of the Unionists in the upper South who induced this division, have received surprisingly little attention from historians of the sectional crisis and the Civil War, due perhaps to the tendency of conflict studies to focus interest on the major opponents rather than on those caught between the lines. Moreover, the concentration on ideology in the Civil War historiography of the 1960s and 1970s produced studies of Republicanism and slaveholder separatism that portrayed two opposed and homogenous bodies of thought, while phenomena apart from this dichotomy, such as Southern Unionism, were essentially neglected. Since the allegiance of the upper South was a crucial factor in the secession crisis—Lincoln himself once observed, "I think to lose Kentucky is nearly the same as to lose the whole game . . ."—it is necessary to go beyond treatments merely in terms of national political tactics, and study Southern Unionism in its own right.<sup>2</sup>

In shedding light on Unionism in the Upper South between November 1860 and May 1861, a close look at Maryland Unionist John Pendleton Kennedy is instructive. Although Kennedy, by then a sixty-five-year-old "elder statesman," did correspond and meet with major political players on the national and state level, he is not of interest chiefly for his direct involvement in the political process. His significance derives rather from his private and public writings. Kennedy's journal, and the

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pamphlets he published during this period, reveal his changing perceptions and assessments of the "state of the Union" and make possible an exploration of the intellectual grounding of a Southern Unionist position.

Kennedy's case illustrates how the tension of being American and being Southern could be mediated and how this mediation became translated into political opinion in a situation in which "American" had increasingly come to mean "Northern" and majorities in the deep South were renouncing their Americanness for the sake of their Southernness.<sup>3</sup>



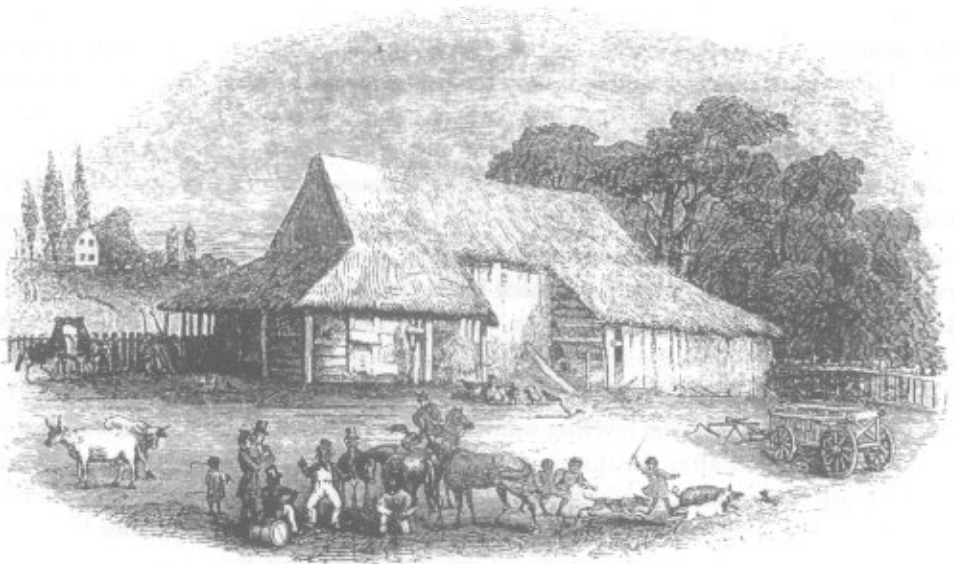
John Pendleton Kennedy was among the most accomplished Marylanders of his generation.<sup>4</sup> He successfully pursued four careers: lawyer, industrialist, novelist, and politician. Kennedy was born in 1795 in Baltimore. His mother was a member of an old Virginia family, his father an Irish immigrant and merchant. After his father's bankruptcy in 1809, John Kennedy had to attend the obscure Baltimore College while trying to complement his formal education with private study. Active service in the War of 1812 followed graduation. After the war he began to read law, was admitted to the bar in 1816, and established a successful practice in Baltimore. His marriage to the daughter of a well-to-do local textile manufacturer in 1829 enabled Kennedy to rid himself of financial worry. After the marriage he divided his time between his law practice and assisting his father-in-law at the mill. In the 1850s he took over the management of the textile mill entirely.

Simultaneously with his professional life John Kennedy pursued literary interests. In 1832 he published his first and most successful novel *Swallow Barn; or, A Sojourn in the Old Dominion*, a half-ironic, half-sympathetic portrait of plantation life in Virginia. The book drew upon his experiences at the plantation of his mother's family and basically approved of slavery as a means of "civilizing" the slaves.<sup>5</sup> *Swallow Barn* immediately earned Kennedy a reputation as an eminent Southern writer. After publishing three other novels during the 1830s, he virtually abandoned writing fiction, resisting frequent demands to return to it. Although Kennedy maintained longtime friendships with a number of prominent writers, he shared the Southern view that literature was not an end in itself and had to be put aside for more important matters like politics.<sup>6</sup>

Kennedy entered the political arena in 1820, when, as a twenty-five-year-old he was elected to the Maryland House of Delegates on the Democratic-Republican ticket. He immediately acquired a reputation for championing Baltimore's commercial interests and "internal improvements." Defeated in the 1826 race for Congress, Kennedy began to distance himself from the Democracy. At first enraged by Andrew Jackson's "War on the Bank," he soon came to disapprove of Jacksonian Democracy in general.

In 1834 Kennedy became one of the founders of the Whig party in Baltimore and soon emerged as a firm supporter of Henry Clay's "American System." He was elected to Congress in 1838 and served there as chairman of the House Commerce





Kennedy's first novel, *Swallow Barn; or, A Sojourn in the Old Dominion* (1832), portrayed plantation life in Virginia from a sympathetic firsthand experience. (From the 1872 reprint edition, G. P. Putnam and Sons.)

Committee. Defeated in the congressional race of 1845, he was not nominated for the Senate in 1850 because his fellow Marylanders considered him "unsafe on slavery."<sup>7</sup> Kennedy returned to Washington in 1852 to serve eight months as secretary of the navy in the cabinet of Millard Fillmore. The dissolution of the national Whig party following the presidential election of 1852 left Kennedy without a party, and he retired from active politics.

He then spent his time on business matters, writing, and being a gentleman in Baltimore. Having been successful in four careers, having had, or having, friendships and acquaintances with men like Washington Irving and William Gilmore Simms, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster—to name just the more prominent—Kennedy was by then part of the Baltimore social elite characterized by its combination of capitalism with landed-gentry values.<sup>8</sup>

Kennedy's rise in a slave state, his qualified approval of slavery and endorsement of internal improvements, and his management of a textile mill while writing Southern literature all display the intersection of Northern and Southern society in Baltimore, in Maryland, and in the upper South. Yet there is no evidence that Kennedy perceived this combination of "Cavalier" and "Yankee" as incompatible.<sup>9</sup>



Having lost his party in 1852, John Pendleton Kennedy nevertheless described and explained the sectional crisis in language that contained enduring elements of

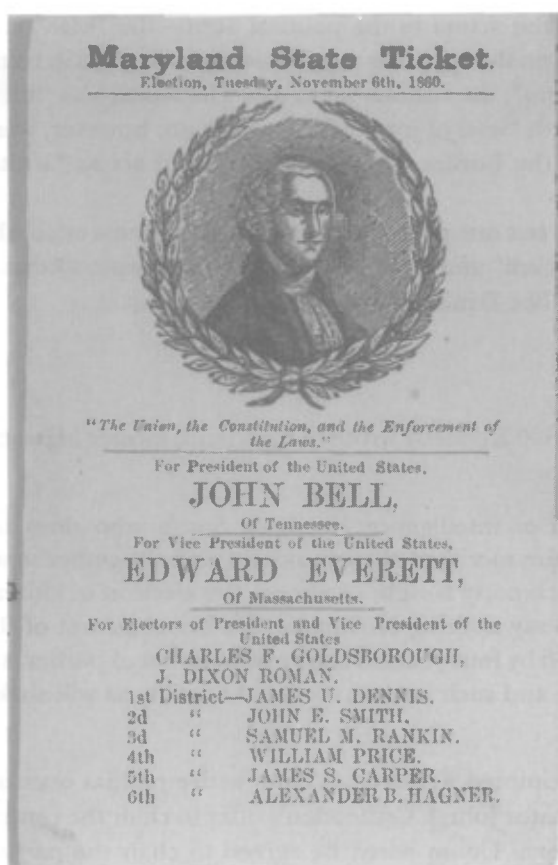
the Whig worldview.<sup>10</sup> At the root of Kennedy's political philosophy was a belief in the politics of deference and a corresponding fundamental skepticism toward popular politics. Human nature was not necessarily bad, he felt, but was malleable and therefore needed fostering and control. This had to be done by an elite of educated and disinterested men who would solve conflicts rationally through compromise and thus prevent the uneducated masses from subverting the established order. Kennedy therefore advocated a strong elite government. He considered parties to be fundamentally problematic, because they tended to inhibit the rational discourse within the elite which led to compromise. His ideal remained the Union during Madison's second term, when, in his view, the politics of deference went unchallenged and the administration "made peace between the parties."<sup>11</sup>

This understanding of politics enabled Kennedy to explain his political defeats in the 1840s as a result of the leveling tendency of Jacksonian Democracy. During his political retirement after the dissolution of the Whig party, he was forced to watch the triumph of the Democratic party "machine" and then of Know-Nothing violence in Baltimore, events that only deepened his "disgust" for popular politics.<sup>12</sup>

Kennedy's thinking on the sectional crisis reflected all the elements of Whig language described above. This led him to a position fundamentally contradictory to the predominant Northern and Southern perceptions of the conflict, which were similarly grounded in republicanism. The Republican fear of a slave power conspiracy and the secessionist nightmare of destruction of the Southern "Greek Democracy" through abolitionism were both derived from anxiety for their form of republican government.<sup>13</sup> Kennedy, in contrast, conceived the growing tensions between the sections as a consequence of popular politics. All the issues were either resolvable or were mere "fabrications," yet their agitation within a context of mass politics offered ambitious politicians multiple opportunities for manipulation: "There has been a singular exhibition of practiced skill in the address with which the popular masses . . . have been enlisted in an enterprise of the scope and consequences of which they had neither the leisure to examine nor the temper to comprehend."<sup>14</sup> Dealing with a possible secession convention in Maryland, he wrote:

It is too painfully obvious that Maryland opinion is surrendered to the control of influences that repress all wise and earnest consideration of the momentous topics that belong to the public welfare. Its key-note is derived from the heated utterances of passionate and thoughtless youth, of impressive women and girls, of infuriated politicians, of all that multitude of excitable, rash, unreasoning persons who fly to conclusions under the impulse of prejudice, desire or interest; and lastly and more significantly, of wily, unscrupulous partisan leaders who are moved by premeditated design to accomplish a selfish party triumph.

The problem went beyond stump speeches and secession conventions: even in Congress there was "too much debating for Show, and too much maneuvering for popularity."<sup>16</sup> John Kennedy's advice for all difficulties was that "distinguished



Presidential election ticket of 1860. Kennedy chaired the state committee of the Constitutional Union Party and drafted the blueprint for Maryland's role as a border state. (Prints & Photographs, Maryland Historical Society.)

citizens" and "wise men" had to be given the opportunity for "temperate debate" in order to find a compromise. Then time would "cure the excitement."<sup>17</sup>

When the secession movement gained greater and greater intensity during the winter of 1860–61, however, mere manipulation seemed insufficient to Kennedy to explain the crisis, and he began to describe the sectional conflict in terms of pathology. "This wicked frenzy cannot last much longer," he noted in his journal in late November 1860. In his *Border States* pamphlet, he stated that South Carolina was "wholly possessed and fevered by that extraordinary contagion of frenzy," while the "moral epidemic" of abolitionism had to be brought to an end.<sup>18</sup> Kennedy frequently dismissed Republican and secessionist arguments as invalid "abstractions" and the latter sometimes also as "Calhounisms."<sup>19</sup> The gap between the republican conceptions of the crisis on the one hand and his own Whig perspective had to be bridged by the idea of a mass delusion.

Finally, not only the actors in the political arena—the “wise” and the “wicked” politicians, the parties, the “popular masses”—were described in terms of “passions” and “sober judgement”; the regions were, too. The North was “full of violence and wrath” and the South “wild of joy.”<sup>20</sup> Between them, however, was the “calm and earnest wisdom of the Border States,” which should act as “arbiters” for a compromise.<sup>21</sup>

In sum, there was but one principal cause of the sectional crisis: the uncontrolled “Abolitionist fanaticism” and “intemperate zeal of secession” that had succeeded the wisdom of men like Daniel Webster and Henry Clay.



On 20 October 1860 Kennedy wrote to his friend, former Massachusetts Senator Robert C. Winthrop:

Is there a man of intelligence North or South who does not see that irrespective of the merits of the candidates and altogether apart from the question of which party is right or wrong, the election of either Lincoln or Breckinridge to say nothing of Douglas, for he seems out of the question, must be followed by four years of such exasperation of parties, such reciprocal vituperation and such intense sectional hostility as will shake society to its center.<sup>22</sup>

These prospects prompted Kennedy to enter active politics once again. Declining in January 1860 Senator John J. Crittenden’s offer to chair the central committee of the new Constitutional Union party, he agreed to chair the party in Maryland.<sup>23</sup> During spring and summer he worked successfully to bring supporters of the disintegrating Know-Nothing party into the Unionist organization. However, he lacked any enthusiasm for his new task, presumably because of his dislike for the nativists.<sup>24</sup> Kennedy foresaw that the Unionist campaign could not alter the election result, and the day after the election he noted without any further comment: “Lincoln is elected president by the Northern and Western states.”<sup>25</sup> The Constitutional Union party took only three states in the upper South and—to Kennedy’s disappointment—lost Maryland to the Breckinridge Democrats.<sup>26</sup>

Having foreseen Lincoln’s victory, Kennedy was yet surprised by the ensuing “tempest” of secessionist sentiment in the South, and he immediately began writing a “discourse directed to the consideration of the present alarming state of affairs in the country.”<sup>27</sup> In the weeks following, Kennedy’s journal entries show him vacillating between gloomy apprehensions and hopes of reconciliation. Secessionists were indeed on the offensive throughout the South, and in Maryland Democrats were pressing Know-Nothing Governor Thomas Hicks to call a special session of the Maryland assembly. Hicks, however, advised by Kennedy, refused to do so, since the Democratic legislature was likely to call for a secession convention.<sup>28</sup>

On 17 December Kennedy finished his “discourse” entitled *The Border States: Their Power and Duty in the Present Disorder of the Country*.<sup>29</sup> Published in Philadelphia early

in 1861 and widely circulated,<sup>30</sup> it delivered a comprehensive analysis of the sectional conflict and explained a proposal on how the "Border States"—that is, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri—should resolve the crisis.

Kennedy argued that the sectional conflict was by no means irrepressible, since agitation and not slavery was its cause. He established that the states of the upper South comprised a distinct unit within the Union, and claimed that these states had the power to enforce a compromise between North and South.

To dismantle the slavery issue in his mind, Kennedy distinguished between the institution itself and the debate about it. "The true solution of all this extravagance is, that the importance given to the questions evolved by the slavery excitement, is the mere artifice of politicians."<sup>31</sup>

The whole debate over slavery in the territories was merely theoretical. Abolitionist agitation caused a "just feeling of indignation" and a "loss of temper" throughout the South, but had no impact on the actual development of slavery.<sup>32</sup>

Regarding the future of the institution, Kennedy argued along the line of Jefferson's idea of "conditional termination,"<sup>33</sup> thereby trying to establish a middle ground between abolitionist and proslavery arguments. On one hand, slavery was a justified means of civilization, on the other there was no reason to praise it as a blessing. It was much more a "blessing to Massachusetts," which profited from the cotton production, than it was for the slaveholders, who were charged with the burden of taking care for their child-like slaves. Slavery would ultimately expire, and in the meantime should be left alone.<sup>34</sup>

Kennedy directly linked his assessment of slavery to his sense of the distinctiveness of the border states. First, he contradicted the proslavery argument of the secessionists, who argued for a united South by emphasizing the common "peculiar institution" in which "Southernness" was grounded.<sup>35</sup> Second, his description of slavery and its reduced future importance was indeed apt for the upper South and particularly Maryland, where slavery was in decline.<sup>36</sup>

Kennedy depicted the border states as being distinctly different from the deep South. While the latter appeared as "chiefly representing one vast cotton field," the former exhibited "almost every interest and pursuit in the Union." Relying not only on a plantation economy but also on wheat-growing and industry, the states of the upper South could have no interest in a common confederacy with the deep South. Because of those differences, Kennedy stated, "The popular notion of a united South is but an impracticable fancy. A united South is a more uncertain problem than even the support of the present Union under the difficulties that now surround it."<sup>37</sup>

Since the border states combined traits of both North and South, they were the apt "arbiters" in the sectional conflict. They had to prevent immediate secession by convincing the "moderate and conservative men" in the deep South that Lincoln's election did not mean abolitionist rule, and that a small group of secessionist manipulators inflating that threat were causing a mass delusion. The Republicans had to be pushed toward conciliation to prove the secessionists wrong.<sup>38</sup> To achieve

these goals the border states should call for a peace conference of “distinguished citizens.” If no settlement were reached, the states of the upper South were supposed to form a confederacy of their own, which could serve as the nucleus for the restoration of the Union. Coercion by the North, however, must not be applied at any point.<sup>39</sup>

Soon after the publication of his pamphlet, which praised so eloquently the role of the dispassionate arbitrator, John Kennedy himself lost his temper when he received the news of South Carolina’s secession. With a trembling hand, he wrote:

A great act of supreme folly and injustice, passed by a set of men who have inflamed the passion of their people, and driven their state headlong into an enterprise, which history will record as the most foolish of blunders, as well as the most wicked of crimes. Never was so much ruin inflicted upon a country with so little ground to justify it.

But on that day he also noted: “The conduct of the Northern men . . . is perfectly atrocious.”<sup>40</sup> Viewing the current Senate debate on Crittenden’s compromise proposal, Kennedy saw the chances for settlement shrinking and blamed it on the Republicans.<sup>41</sup>

At the same time he continued to correspond with governors and congressmen of the upper South in order to bring about cooperation among their states. During January 1861 John Kennedy regained hope. Senate and House committees were working on a compromise, the Virginia legislature called for a peace conference, and Unionists in the upper South prevented immediate secession in their states.<sup>42</sup> “The Revolution begins to soften down. Things are growing better,” Kennedy noted. Now the Republicans remained the “only obstruction to an immediate settlement.”<sup>43</sup> In Maryland, secessionist Democrats organized a movement for a secession convention, while Unionists worked against them. Kennedy, ill and unable to leave the house but encouraged by the apparent progress of the Washington Peace Conference, wrote an article for the *Baltimore American* entitled, “How Are We Getting Along?” He argued for an adjournment of all “revolutionary” activities and his signing with “Hope on, Hope ever,” correctly described his own renewed optimism.<sup>44</sup>

These hopes were shattered only days later when Congress failed to adopt any of the compromise proposals. Kennedy prophesied the coming of the war; yet he was surprised when he read Lincoln’s inaugural address, which he called “conciliatory and firm,” “dignified and truthful.”<sup>45</sup> By then all states of the deep South had seceded and a Confederate government had been organized, but Kennedy still believed they would come back, if only the upper South remained within the Union. Any confrontation had therefore to be avoided, and Kennedy hoped Lincoln would evacuate Fort Sumter to deprive the secessionists of this rallying point.<sup>46</sup>

In the following weeks, however, Kennedy lost his confidence in the new president. He worried about the renewed activities of secessionists in Virginia and saw Lincoln’s administration as “very unsteady and vacillating.”<sup>47</sup> When the war finally came, John Pendleton Kennedy’s worst apprehensions were realized.

Never was there a more wretched display of incapacity than in this adventure of the new administration. . . . The expedition [to resupply Fort Sumter] a miserable failure. The South is wild with joy in the Secession States. . . . I fear the effect of this event upon the Border States. . . . We look with anxiety to the Virginia Convention.<sup>48</sup>

On the day after the surrender of Fort Sumter, Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 troops to put down the rebellion. Kennedy commented, "Nothing can equal the want of perception of this cabinet," and saw his apprehensions confirmed when the Virginia Secession Convention voted for secession three days later.<sup>49</sup>

With all his hopes of peaceful settlement and upper South cooperation finally shattered, Kennedy turned his attention to Maryland. When the news about Fort Sumter, Lincoln's proclamation, and Virginia's secession caused a wave of pro-Southern sentiment, Unionists' tentative control wavered badly. When a clash between Baltimore citizens and federal troops passing through the city on 19 April left sixteen dead, Governor Hicks yielded to the pressure and called for a special session of the legislature. Maryland was on the brink of secession. When the legislature convened a week later, however, it did not issue the call for a secession convention.<sup>50</sup>

Kennedy counseled Hicks to demand from Lincoln that Maryland troops should be used only to defend the state, thereby establishing an "armed neutrality." Days later he noted with relief that the "spirit in favour of secession in this state is very much sobered."<sup>51</sup>

At the beginning of May, Kennedy sat down and wrote *The Great Drama: An Appeal To Maryland*.<sup>52</sup> Published on 10 May, the pamphlet showed how he had adapted to the changed situation. He fell back on his native state of Maryland after all border state plans had become meaningless. To explain this retreat he invoked even more the idea of irresponsible political manipulation.

The whole movement towards secession, even in the States most favorable to it has been artfully promoted by fabrications of a false opinion. . . . The passions of the people have been inflamed by exaggerated representations of impending dangers; by skilfull exhibition of the idle ravings of mad and wicked fanatics as the settled view of the Government.<sup>53</sup>

Virginia's secession he found simply "inexplicable," somehow the state must have been "dragged into revolution" by South Carolina. The deep South had refused to consult the border states and had forced them into the conflict. Having previously always emphasized that North and South alike were responsible for the sectional conflict, he now blamed the outbreak of the war on the South only.<sup>54</sup> Kennedy had finally taken a side, and when federal troops occupied Baltimore four days later that side was chosen for Maryland, too.



During the crucial six months following Lincoln's election, John Pendleton Kennedy maintained his essential understanding of the crisis as a consequence of popular politics. His allegiance, however, changed. He believed in the mission of the border states as long as possible. When finally forced to take sides, he cast his lot with the North.

The border states as Kennedy understood them provided his model for the ideal union. Economically, the border states showed "almost every interest and pursuit in the Union."<sup>55</sup> But it was not only the diversified industrial, farm, and plantation economy he esteemed. In a passage resembling classic nationalist appeals, Kennedy praised the "thriving and vigorous communities," the "abundant resources," the "healthful climate," the "robust population." In sum, these qualities were "invariably the best indications of the progress of a State to wealth and power."<sup>56</sup> Furthermore, the states of the upper South were untainted neither by Abolitionism nor—at least he hoped—by Southern nationalism, which he viewed as the gravest threats to a sober politics of compromise.

Kennedy's proposal that the border states should constitute their own confederacy in case no compromise would be reached was, therefore, not merely a means of restoring the Union. A border-state confederacy would also preserve or create a Union that would have the border-like features, which Kennedy would like to see for his country as a whole: a thriving urban and rural economy, increasing wage labor and an ultimately expiring slavery, a rational politics of compromise without the "contagion" of Northern or Southern "fanaticism."

It is striking in great degree that John Kennedy's "ideal" Union was congruent with his personal ideals and experiences.<sup>57</sup> As a member of a group of men that dominated the political and cultural life in Baltimore, as a successful industrialist and novelist, and as a former member of the federal government, he saw himself of course as part of the American elite and had therefore an immediate interest in the politics of deference which should ensure rational political discourse. Whig ideals of improvement and industriousness, soberness and equanimity appeared everywhere in his writings.<sup>58</sup> In sum, he viewed himself as "moderate," economically progressive, politically conservative, remote from mass politics, despising all extremes. And so were the border states.<sup>59</sup>

The border states had come thereby to stand for the "Union as it was"—for Madison's Union, the one for which Kennedy had fought as a volunteer and that ever since had symbolized his political ideal.<sup>60</sup> Fighting for a compromise or, at the last resort, for a border state confederacy was therefore Kennedy's attempt to uphold "his" Union, a Union threatened alike by Republican party fanatics and Southern nationalists, the offsprings of popular politics.

When the course of events in April and May 1861 tore apart the upper South, Kennedy's border state vision was destroyed and his Union was obliterated. In a short period of transition he relied on the idea that Maryland might establish "armed neutrality."<sup>61</sup> Soon it became clear, however, that sides had to be chosen. Kennedy voted for the North and urged Marylanders to do so as well.



His decision can be related to two factors. First Kennedy had always argued that the "afflictions of the country" were "produced equally by the wickedness of Northern fanaticism, and the intemperate zeal of secession."<sup>62</sup> Secession, however, was to be justified by unconstitutional Northern aggression. By leaving the Union immediately, the deep South failed to reach out seriously for a compromise. This attitude led Kennedy to use the term "revolution" more and more often as secession proceeded.<sup>63</sup> From his conservative and Whig point of view, the Union still had a certain legitimacy of tradition and lawful procedure, even under Republican rule.

Second, when forced to choose between North and South he found his ideal Union had clearly more affinity for the former than for the latter. Hoping Republicanism would be a temporary phenomenon, John Kennedy could at least identify with the economic diversity of Northern society. With regard to the slavery question, he always distinguished between abolitionists and Republicans, and in particular Lincoln. After all the severe criticism that Kennedy had heaped on the president's policies, he still noted in early May, "I hope he is a good man."<sup>64</sup> With Jefferson Davis's Confederacy, however, the offspring of Southern nationalism that he characterized as "one vast cotton field,"<sup>65</sup> there was little basis for identification—especially since he saw Virginia's secession as an "act of submission" to the deep South.<sup>66</sup> Given the circumstances, there was only one way for John Pendleton Kennedy, however painful: from Madison's Union to Lincoln's—and no way South.

The question remains how "realistic" Kennedy's border state visions were. His construction of the upper South tended to see it as unified. He neglected divisions as between Tidewater and western Virginia, eastern and western Tennessee, and even within Maryland. Nevertheless, throughout the upper South slave labor played a smaller role than in the deep South, and was in decline compared with wage labor. Correspondingly, the regional attitude toward slavery in the border states was less consenting than farther south.<sup>67</sup> Southerners of the border states therefore identified less with the Southern cause, which was inseparable from the slavery issue. Hence, Kennedy's construction of a border state identity corresponded to the economic and political context. This identity, however, had scarcely six months to emerge within the political arena and was based primarily on ideas of moderation and compromise; thus it remained very fragile.

Though fragile, it was shared by others. Those shared beliefs provided a framework around which former Whigs united throughout the upper South. These were the men who advocated joint border state action, and prevented secession of their states in legislatures and conventions during the winter of 1860–1861. Their failure was ultimately due to the fact that they had been unable to bring the Republican party and especially Lincoln to a more conciliatory stance.<sup>68</sup>

Kennedy's failure went further. He never realized that his belief in the politics of deference was an anachronism. He refused to acknowledge that even in his cherished border-state Maryland, popular politics at its worst had dominated the scene for a decade. Relying on his Whig language, moreover, he was unable to explain the sectional crisis other than in terms of personal characteristics of politicians, manipulation, and pathological irrationality. Republican as well as

secessionist arguments remained mere “abstractions” to him. So John Pendleton Kennedy was forced to watch with impotent rage as the polarization between North and South led to war and tore apart the upper South.

## NOTES

1. See William W. Freehling, *The Road to Disunion: Secessionists at Bay 1776–1854* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1990); Daniel W. Crofts, *Reluctant Confederates: Upper South Unionists in the Secession Crisis* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1989); and the last chapter in Michael F. Holt, *The Political Crisis of the 1850s* (New York: John Wiley & Sons, 1978).

2. These studies are examples of the tactical treatment of the upper South: David M. Potter, *Lincoln and His Party in the Secession Crisis* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1942); Kenneth M. Stampp, *And the War Came: The North and the Secession Crisis, 1860–61* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1950); for a recent synopsis, see James M. McPherson, *Battle Cry of Freedom: The Civil War Era* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1988); William E. Gienapp, “Abraham Lincoln and the Border States” in *Journal of the Abraham Lincoln Association*, 13 (1992): 13–46. Paradigmatic analyses of ideology are Eric Foner, *Free Soil, Free Labor, Free Men: The Ideology of the Republican Party before the Civil War* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1970); and Eugene D. Genovese, *The Political Economy of Slavery* (New York: Pantheon, 1965). Studies on Southern nationalism also tend to focus on the deep South: see, for example, John McCardell, *The Idea of a Southern Nation: Southern Nationalists and Southern Nationalism, 1830–1860* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1979). Crofts, *Reluctant Confederates* is an excellent study of the political history of Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina and the only attempt to give a systematic explanation of the course of events in the upper South.

3. See David M. Potter, “The Historian’s Use of Nationalism and Vice-Versa,” in his *The South and the Sectional Crisis* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1968), pp. 34–83, 65–66.

4. Charles H. Bohner, *John Pendleton Kennedy: Gentleman from Baltimore* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1961) is a good biography, but Bohner focuses on Kennedy’s literary and political career and shows little interest in his political thinking; Henry T. Tuckermann, *The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy* (New York, 1871), the “official” biography, is not much more than a compilation of biographical material; Joseph V. Ridgely, *John Pendleton Kennedy* (New York: Twayne, 1966) contains studies of Kennedy’s major literary works; see also Jay B. Hubbel, *The South in American Literature, 1607–1900* (Durham: Duke University Press, 1954), 481–95; and William R. Taylor, *Cavalier and Yankee: The Old South and American National Character* (New York: Braziller, 1961), pp. 177–201.

5. Taylor, *Cavalier and Yankee* calls the book the “literary origin of the Plantation Legend,” p. 178; see also Ridgely, *Kennedy*, pp. 36–64. For a revised edition in 1851 Kennedy even obliterated some passages that could be seen as a criticism of slavery.

6. Taylor, *Cavalier and Yankee*, p. 200; Bohner, *Kennedy*, p. ix. Nevertheless his small lasting fame is due to his literary achievements.

7. Bohner, *Kennedy*, p. 200.

8. Gary L. Browne, *Baltimore in the Nation, 1789–1861* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1980), pp. 94–96.

9. Bohner, *Kennedy*, pp. 223–24.

10. See Daniel Walker Howe, *The Political Culture of the American Whigs* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1979), esp. pp. 23–42; John Ashworth, “Agrarians” and “Aristocrats”: *Party Political Ideology in the United States, 1837–1846* (London: Royal Historical Society, 1983).

11. [John P. Kennedy], *A Defence of the Whigs* (New York, 1844), p. 22.

12. Journal, 29 September 1859, quoted in Jean H. Baker, *The Politics of Continuity: Maryland Political Parties from 1858 to 1870* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1973), p. 16. For the collapse of the Whig party in general, see Holt, *Political Crisis*, passim; for Maryland, William J. Evitts, *A Matter of Allegiances: Maryland from 1850 to 1861* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1974), esp. pp. 50–53.

13. See for example, Holt, *Political Crisis*, pp. 237–40 and passim.

14. John Pendleton Kennedy, “The Border States: Their Power and Duty in the Present Disordered Condition of the Country,” orig. Publ. 1861, repr. in Kennedy, *Political and Official Papers* (New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons, 1872), pp. 543–86. For quotation see p. 547. Hereafter *Border States*.

15. John Pendleton Kennedy, “The Great Drama: An Appeal to Maryland,” orig. publ. 1861, repr. in Kennedy, *Political and Official Papers* (New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons, 1872), pp. 587–603. For quotation see p. 588.

16. Journal, 22 December 1860, Kennedy Papers, Peabody Library, Baltimore, Md.

17. *Border States*, pp. 558, 572, 576; “How Are We Getting Along.” ???

18. Journal, 30 November 1860; *Border States*, p. 543.

19. For example, *Border States*, p. 582; Journal, 12 January 1861.

20. Journal, 30 April 1861, 14 April 1861.

21. *Border States*, pp. 544, 545.

22. Kennedy to Robert C. Winthrop, 20 October 1860, Kennedy Papers.

23. Bohner, *Kennedy*, p. 228.

24. Journal, 10 July 1860.

25. Journal, 15 October 1860; Journal, 7 November 1860.

26. Journal, 6 November 1860; for the background of the presidential election in Maryland see Evitts, *Matter of Allegiances*, pp. 149–53.

27. Journal, 9 and 11 November 1860.

28. *Ibid.*, 26 November 1860; Baker, *Politics of Continuity*, p. 48.

29. See n. 14.

30. Baker, *Politics of Continuity*, p. 50.

31. *Border States*, p. 578.

32. *Ibid.*, p. 576.

33. See Frechling, *Road To Disunion*, pp. 119–43.

34. *Border States*, p. 578.

35. See McCardell, *Idea of a Southern Nation*, esp. pp. 49–90
36. Freehling, *Road To Disunion*, p. 199; Barbara J. Fields, *Slavery and Freedom on the Middle Ground: Maryland During the Nineteenth Century* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1985), pp. 1–39.
37. *Border States*, pp. 562–63, 570.
38. *Ibid.*, pp. 549–51, 559.
39. *Ibid.*, pp. 559–61.
40. *Journal*, 21 December 1860.
41. *Ibid.*, 22 and 25 December 1860.
42. *Ibid.*, 5, 7, and 15 January 1861; Crofts, *Reluctant Confederates*, pp. 131–36.
43. *Journal*, 21 and 25 January 1861.
44. *Ibid.*, 15 and 22 February 1861; *Baltimore American*, 23 February 1861.
45. *Journal*, 2, 4, and 5 March 1861; for a detailed discussion of the fate of compromise see Crofts, *Reluctant Confederates*, pp. 195–253.
46. *Journal*, 10 and 11 March 1861.
47. *Ibid.*, 3 and 5 April 1861.
48. *Ibid.*, 14 April 1861.
49. *Ibid.*, 16 and 18 April 1861.
50. For the background of this development see Evitts, *Matter of Allegiances*, pp. 172–91.
51. *Journal*, 16 and 30 April 1861.
52. See n. 15.
53. *Great Drama*, pp. 588–89.
54. *Ibid.*, pp. 600–2.
55. *Border States*, p. 563.
56. *Ibid.*, pp. 563–64.
57. For a comprehensive discussion of identities see for example William Bloom, *Personal Identity, National Identity and International Relations* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), esp. pp. 25–53.
58. *Border States*, pp. 562–64; *Journal*, 13 January 1861, 23 February 1861.
59. *Journal*, 22 December 1860; *Border States*, p. 570.
60. Bohner, *Kennedy*, p. 151. For “Madison’s Union” as a symbol for compromise, see Peter B. Knupfer, *The Union As It Is: Constitutional Unionism and Sectional Compromise, 1787–1861* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1991), esp. pp. 56–86.
61. *Journal*, 16 April 1861.
62. *Border States*, p. 544.
63. For example *Journal*, 22 December 1860, 12 and 27 January 1861; *Great Drama*, p. 587 and *passim*.
64. *Journal*, 4 May 1861.
65. *Border States*, p. 565.
66. *Great Drama*, p. 601.
67. Freehling, *Road To Disunion*, p. 17 and *passim*. Freehling distinguishes between three Southern regions; cf. Fields, *Slavery and Freedom*, pp. 90–92.
68. Crofts, *Reluctant Confederates*, pp. 66–89, 254–88.

## Research Notes & Maryland Miscellany

### Military Waif: A Sidelight on the Baltimore Riot of 19 April 1861

FRANK TOWERS, Ed.

**I**n 1907 Ernest Wardwell recorded his memories of the Civil War's outbreak in Baltimore and how it transformed his life. Located in the collections of the Maryland Historical Society, Wardwell's "A Military Waif: A Memoir of the Old Sixth," presents an autobiographical account of Baltimore's bloody riot of April, 1861. Richard D. Fisher, a pro-Southern Baltimore merchant who witnessed the fray, donated "A Military Waif" to the Maryland Historical Society in April of 1908.<sup>1</sup> This previously unpublished memoir provides fresh insights into the Civil War's origins in Baltimore—as well as a remarkable nineteenth-century story.

As everyone recalls, on 19 April 1861 hundreds of Baltimoreans came to blows with the 6th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry as the regiment marched through Baltimore en route to Washington, D.C. Sixteen persons died in the riot, scores more were wounded, and the Civil War had produced its first casualties.<sup>2</sup>

Recent historians minimize Southern sympathies in the riot. In contrast to this view, Wardwell described Baltimoreans as widely supportive of the riot and anti-Northern in their sentiments. Remembering that day, Wardwell wrote that, "newsboys were shouting 'all about the Yankee invaders,'" and "Knots of men . . . gave rent to loud expressions of vengeance against the 'Northern Scum.'" The boldest secessionists stood before the Massachusetts volunteers, baring their breasts and daring the troops to shoot.<sup>3</sup> Wardwell's description of the mob as a "vociferous army of howling wolves," and other references to downtown streets being jammed with people suggest that recent estimates that only 250 Baltimoreans participated in the riot need to be revised upwards.<sup>4</sup>

Read as a coming-of-age autobiography, "A Military Waif" traces Wardwell's fall and rise from an aimless adolescent to an adult soldier reunited with his family through bizarre coincidence. After joining the 6th Massachusetts during the rioting, Wardwell stayed with the regiment until its three-month enlistment expired. The following edited version of Wardwell's story ends with the regiment's mustering out,

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which Wardwell regarded with awe and believed marked his transition to manhood. Wardwell later joined the 26th Massachusetts, retiring as a captain in 1865.<sup>5</sup>

Correspondence in Wardwell's papers indicate he had fallen on hard times in 1907.<sup>6</sup> This heroic story with its happy coincidence likely salved Wardwell's later poverty, illness, and family decline.

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### *Part I—Boyhood*

I was born in the city of Baltimore but while still a child of tender years my father became engaged in the business of getting out ship lumber and we moved to that part of the Alleghany Mountains in Western Maryland, which is now known as Garrett County. Until my twelfth year we resided in that quaint old village of Grantsville, situated on the National Turnpike twenty-five miles west of the city of Cumberland which at that time was the Western terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

In this primeval village I learned to "read, write, and cipher," shoot squirrels, and catch "mountain trout" in which latter art I was although but a boy considered an expert, and was familiar with every brook and stream within a five mile radius of my home. My great penchant however was in my love of "playing soldier." I had read much of Napoleon and his youth, and subsequent history was the main theme of all my thoughts, and I longed to emulate him in deeds of fame and glory. I organized and became Captain of a Company, wore red flannel epaulettes on my shoulders, and stripes of same on my trousers. My followers, who were my schoolmates and playfellows carried spears for arms, the same consisting of sticks about four feet in length, sharpened at one end, with knots of ribbon or flannel tied near the point to resemble the pennants carried by the knights of old. We built forts of snow and ice, manned them with mock guns, and large supplies of snowball munitions for the defenders. After going through all the preliminaries of demanding surrender and being defied—we began the bombardment ending with the assault and charging the garrison, and when we succeeded in placing our flag upon the demolished ruins, I felt indeed a hero, and medaled and promoted myself and officers with lavish hands. Our common enemy however was the feline race, on whom we made relentless war, chiefly for the sake of their pelts or skins which we readily disposed of at the village stores for a few cents each, the money thus obtained being our main source of revenue. Many a missing cat could have been accounted for when our treasury was in a flushed condition. As an officer I was considered a success, and should no doubt have achieved distinction, but alas! My military career was suddenly cut short by our removal from the village to another part of the county nearer to my father's works, and where there was neither village, school or boys enough to form a company.

We only lived at the new home for about a year however, when our household was completely disrupted by the death of my mother, and myself brothers and sisters separated, never to be united again as one family. My father who was originally from

Massachusetts, had relatives residing in that state, and to them were confided the care of my sisters: the two younger boys remained with him whilst I was placed in the "Adams" School in Baltimore—and here I may truly say was the ending of my boyhood.

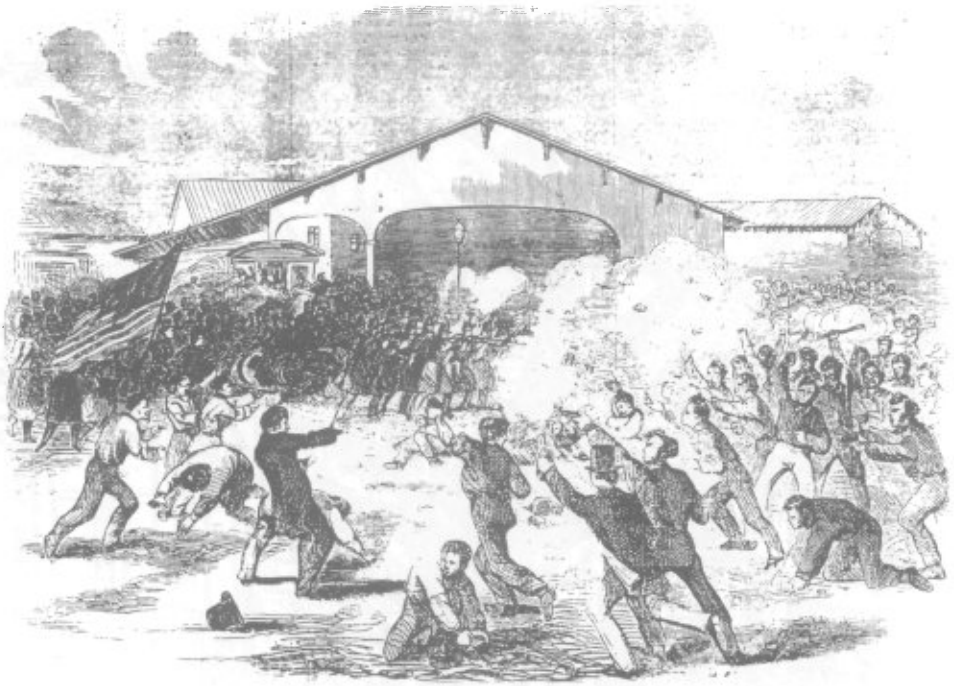
*"I go for a soldier"*

The 19th day of April 1861 is one that will always be vivid in my memory—it dawned clear and bright—but the air was resonant with rumors and excitement. The morning papers were filled with startling paragraphs and the newsboys were shouting "all about the Yankee invaders" who were coming to pillage our city. Groups of men and even women stood on the street corners, and house steps, talking loudly and gesticulated vehemently. Everybody seemed full of patriotic fire, and warlike sentiment ran high. Knots of men some of them carrying guns and pistols hurried through the streets, and gave vent to loud expressions of vengeance against the "Northern Scum." In the schoolrooms we felt a subdued sense of alarm, we could not study—not for a moment could eyes or thoughts be upon the lessons and our teachers were equally affected—suddenly the fire-bells began to ring, and the excitement and noise was so great, that the principal said that we were dismissed for the day, and warned to proceed to our house at once. We sprang for our hats as though the house was on fire, and in a twinkling were in the street. Come on "Ernie" said my chum Henry Cook, "lets see what's going on." We raced in the middle of the street to the corner of Fayette and Calvert Streets where in answer to our inquiry of ["]what's the matter[?]" was told that the "Yankee" army of invasion was at the President Street Station, and that the people were arming and determined that they would not allow them to enter the city. Without waiting to hear more we again ran as fast as the crowded streets would permit toward President Street depot, when we reached Pratt and South streets we were for a time completely hemmed in by the immense crowd which filled and blocked the street in every direction and the noise was deafening with the yells and shouts of the frantic multitude who were cursing and taunting with vile names several carloads of soldiers that were being hauled by horsepower over the railroad tacks on Pratt Street toward Camden Station.

The scene was thrilling beyond my power to describe, at first I was paralyzed with fear, but only momentarily as I caught the frenzy and became as noisy as the others. Stones, brickbats, "april" shells, and missiles of all kinds were hurled into and through the car windows, through which could be plainly seen the uniformed occupants, who although armed made no offensive attempt at defense. We boys quickly imbibed the martial spirit that pervaded, and shouted imprecations with the best of them, and if we did not throw anything it was simply for want of something to throw. It was an awful melee and a wild mob of crazy men and boys shrieking with fearful oaths their desire to annihilate the hated "Yankees," and how the men were ever able to retain their places and drive the horses onward through that dense crowd, seems little short of a miracle, but they did, and that too at break-neck speed, the mob following like a vociferous army of howling wolves. Cook and I however soon stopped in the pursuit of the flying cars, and followed that portion of the crowd

which went towards President Station. We succeeded by much work of pushing and being pushed in getting to where President Street enters Pratt, here the jam became wedged into a compact mass of beings and we were shoved back with great violence the surge was so strong that many were thrown down and trampled upon, and there was danger of being crushed so great was the pressure from both front and rear. Soon loud cries of "hear they come," "hear they come" were shouted from those in front and presently a body of city police headed by a number of prominent officials made their appearance ordering and pushing back the crowd which with much difficulty managed to elbow out of their way, closely following the platoon of police came a battalion of infantry soldiers with their guns at "right shoulder," and bayonets fixed. At the sight of the troops the crowd became furious with rage, and nothing daunted by the officials and the police, at once began to jeer and be abusive. Loud cries of "you Yankee dogs you'll never go back"; "kill them," "murderers," "thieves," "jail birds," "cut throats," "Yankee scum," came from every quarter accompanied by a fusillade of bricks, april shells, and clubs. As the troops got fairly into Pratt Street the crowd was even greater and the demonstrators grew more violent—men hurled themselves into the ranks and endeavored to wrest the arms from out of the hands of the soldiers. The upper windows and roofs of the houses along the march were made use of to launch great lumps of coal, stone jars, bottles, pitchers, dishes, and every conceivable form of weapons that could be made available, many of the men in the ranks were injured by these flying missiles, as indeed were also a number of bystanders as the aim of the throwers was far from being accurate[.] [A]t Harrison Street a gun store was broken open, and the arms seized and quickly distributed among the infuriated mob, who may have used them with effect but for the lack of ammunition, which defect they however remedied as the troops proceeded. When we moved to the east side of "Longstock" the crowd was so wedged in from "Marsh Market" as to completely block the street, and the troops unable to proceed came to a temporary halt, I became caught between two platoons of soldiers and was separated from Cook, whom I never saw again. At this point the officer in command (Lieutenant Colonel Watson) mounted a pile of stones which were [stacked] up on the edge of the wharf—and attempted to make a speech[.] [H]e implored the mob to fall back, "Men of Baltimore" he shouted, "we have no quarrel with you," "we only ask the right of transit through your city to obey our orders." Before he could proceed further he was struck with a piece of heavy heading and knocked over, and the crowd attempted to get at him, but he was at once covered by the men at arms and drawn within their ranks. That speech and that blow changed the current of my being: I had often used to my boyish command the Napoleonic adage "obey orders if you break kings," Young as I was I felt the officer's appeal was right, these soldiers were not to blame, they were but obeying orders, there was no alternative for them—they must go forward. I began to feel a sympathy for them, and their bleeding faces and hands awoke pity; whilst their gallant bearing showing no fear of the angry mob, or attempt to use their weapons aroused my admiration. Pushing up to the sergeant who in addition to his own was carrying the gun of a disabled man, I said "give me the gun, I will carry it for you;" "Go way, or I'll run it through

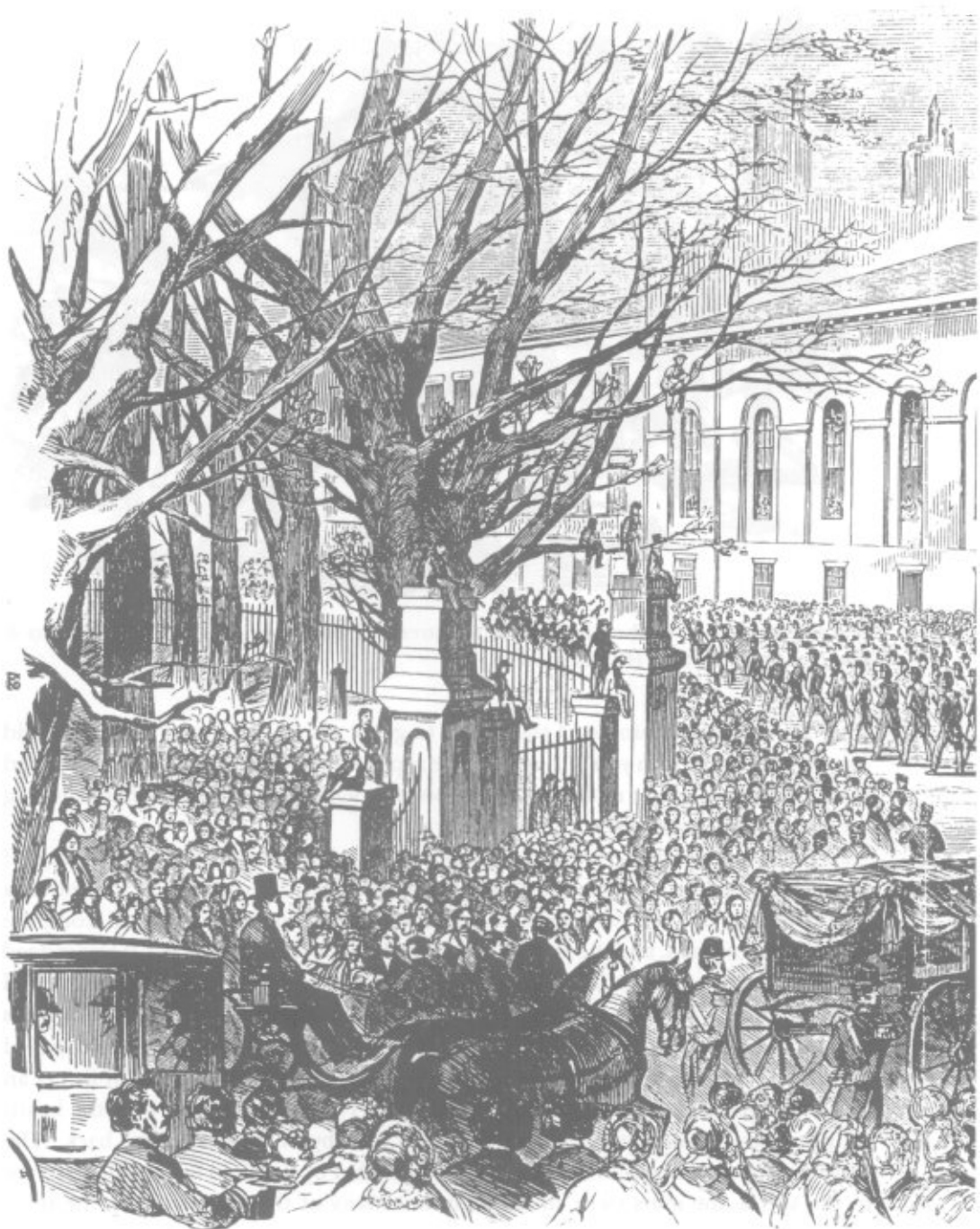




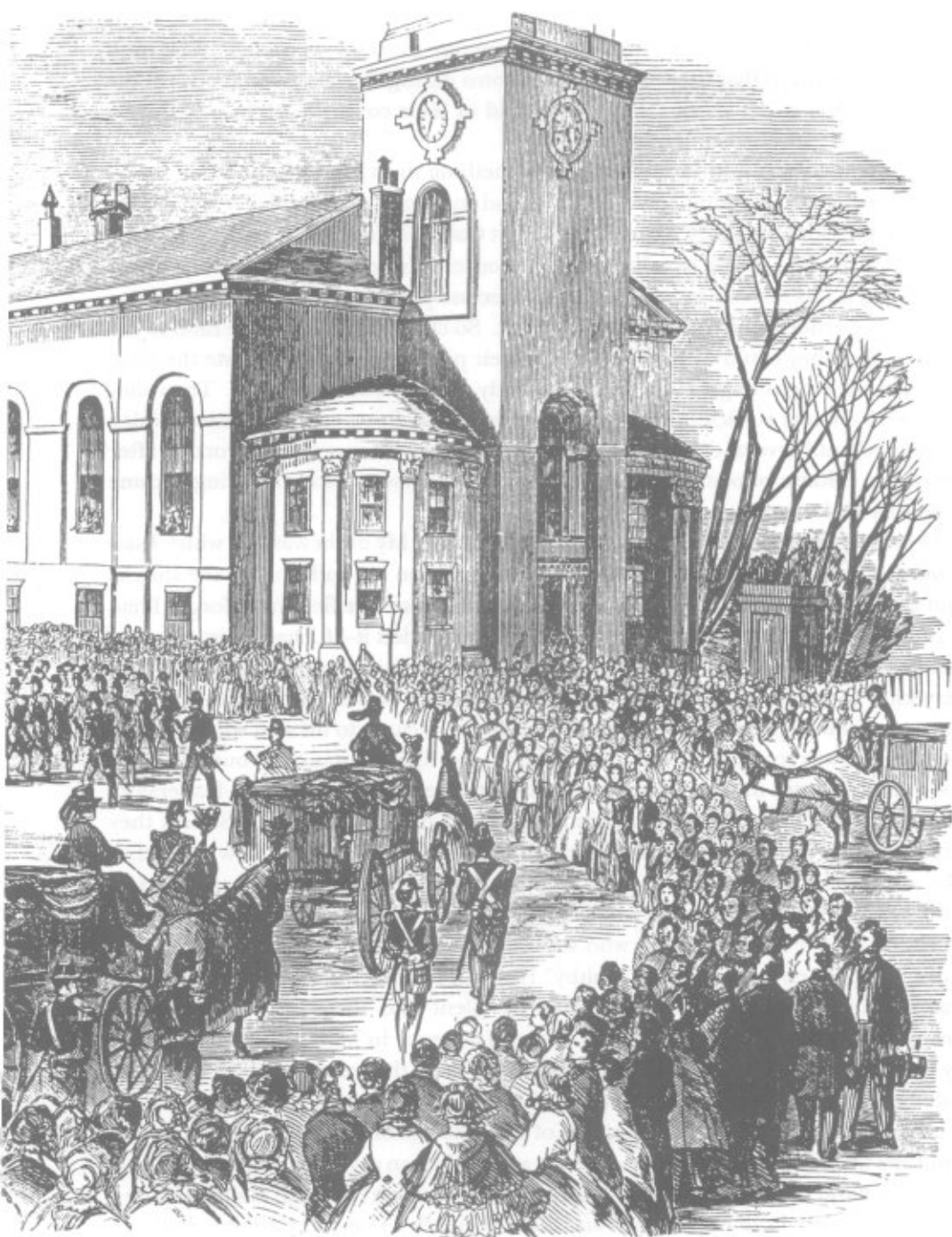
The first bloodshed of the Civil War in the streets of Baltimore, 19 April 1861. (Prints & Photographs, Maryland Historical Society.)

you," he answered, thinking I was trying to get it away from him. "No, no" I said "give it to me, I'm with you"; "Are you;" he replied "well hen, fall in," and he pushed me into the rear of the rank of the platoon and placed the gun in my hands telling the man on my right side to "look out for it."

At first I was so frightened and confused at what I had done, that I wished myself away, and watched for an opportunity to slip off—but this did not occur, and in a short time the police having the crowd pushed away from the immediate front, the march was resumed, and the clamor and disorder if possible increased, it was indeed horrible, and I was now in the same danger as the soldiers, several of whom had received mortal wounds, and many others seriously injured, gun and pistol shots flashed from windows, and cobble stones were torn up from the streets and hurled into the ranks with great violence, as the head of the column reached Gay Street an order was given to the leading platoon (Captain Follansbee) to fire over the heads of the rioters, hoping to intimidate them and thereby cause them to fall back. The order was executed and a volley from forty 54 caliber Springfield Rifles, added terror to the scene, the guns were aimed high, but many of the bullets struck the third stories of the houses at the Cor[n]er of Gay and Pratt Streets and tore the bricks and mortar into a thousand pieces and showers of fragments [fell] down upon the people below, who instead of falling back became bolder and more threatening; Seeing that the troops had not fired with the intention to kill they became so



The funeral cortege in Boston of the soldiers killed in the Baltimore riot. In 1862 the  
(Prints & Photographs, Maryland Historical Society.)



Maryland assembly appropriated seven thousand dollars for the relief of the soldiers' families.

aggressive as to attack them in turn with arms and several soldiers fell, among them being Capt. John H. Dyke of Stoneham Company mortally wounded. The mob became so frenzied that they bared their bosoms daring the troops to shoot. Some cried out "they won't shoot they're too afraid of their cowardly necks"—"don't be afraid, down with Yankee hirelings."

The situation was now indeed critical; something must be done, and that too at once. Seeing that nothing could be done and in response to the entreaties of his officers, the Commanding Officer (Lieutenant Colonel Watson) reluctantly gave the order to fire. The troops who knew that the order must come were on the lookout for it—and it was scarcely uttered before the second platoon of the Lowell phalanx—obeyed the order with terrible and fatal effect. So close indeed were the mob to the soldiers that they could with difficulty aim their pieces, and when too late the poor victims endeavored to get back, the dense body of the crowd prevented. The volley opened the street sufficient for a sheet movement in firing to be executed, which continued until several discharges had taken place and the way unobstructed, after which the column of platoons were pushed rapidly forward, and the firing became desultory and scattering.

How many were killed and wounded I never knew. My brain was in a whirl, I saw dozens of men lying on the street and curbs, as we ran by, and I heard the shrieks and groans of many more. I did not fire, in fact I was so terrified that I forgot I had a gun—I had no ammunition and could not have loaded it—if I had been given an arsenal. The man in whose charge I had been placed was named Parsons, he was very kind to me, he pushed me along, and said don't be scared, we will soon join the rest of the Regiment and then it will be allright—I clung to his arm when I could, but the gun was sorely in my way. We thought the fighting was over, but it was not so—at Light Street they resumed the attack, and here seemed to have leadership, and be more dangerous; from behind the corner of Light and Pratt Streets they fired viciously with guns and pistols, and bricks, stones and old iron flew around us like an April day hail storm—a number of men were shot and others were struck with missiles in the platoon in which I marched. Notable among them being the Corporal on the left front rank who was carried in a dying condition into a book store immediately opposite the "Maltby" Hotel. I learned afterward that his name was Needham, and that he was a man of talent and social standing, being a prominent and popular lawyer in the City of Lawrence in Mass. Much embittered by this second attack, more firing was indulged in by the troops—but there was no halt or attempt to take the offensive. The Maltby House seemed to be headquarters—and they poured a heavy fire of gun and pistol shots off its porches and windows which did some damage—but was silenced when several guns of the soldiers were discharged in their direction. After the first fusilade from the Maltby House—we met with but little opposition—and soon thereafter reached Camden Station—where cars having been provided we quickly housed ourselves therein. Owing to the mob having torn up the railroad track in the near vicinity to the station, there was some delay in starting the train, but in the ranks of this Regiment there were men skilled in all trades, and they were not long in making the needed repairs to

the engine and track. Here was my opportunity of escape, but strange as it may seem, I had neither the will nor the power. I did not want to go away with the troops and yet I feared to sneak out. No one seemed to take any notice of me and as I was a tall manly looking boy I readily passed in the excitement of the occasion for one of the command. Parsons gave me a seat next to the window. He opened the knapsack, took out a military aligur cap, and put it on my head, rolled up my black slouch and placed it under the seat cushion, saying I looked more like a soldier in the cap, and indeed it made me feel so. He also gave me a drink out of his canteen which tasted very good indeed, being rum and molasses, and some cracker or "hard tack" which I ate with genuine relish, and it was while partaking of this frugal lunch that the train started, and I found myself going to Washington in the ranks of the 6th Mass. Vol. Militia—a crack organization of the state commanded by Col. Edward F. Jones. What a position for a schoolboy—I was not a soldier—for I had not been enlisted, and had no uniform, I was not a pressed man, for I had volunteered my services. I could in reality no longer claim to be a schoolboy—for I was armed with a gun and had been in a battle in which I had espoused both sides, and was now travelling at railroad speed to defend the National Capitol. No I said to myself—I am neither schoolboy or soldier I am only a hanger on a protege. In fact I am neither more nor less than a waif—A military waif. These and many other morbid thoughts flitted through my brain. What would they think of me at Mrs. Branson where I boarded? Would I be expelled from the school? Would my friends have anything to do with me again? As I was beginning to grow nervous and homesick Parsons came back and taking the seat beside me began to comfort me, telling me about the regiment, how they had left their homes at an hour's notice in response to a call from the President to defend Washington. He asked me many things about myself, among others how old I was—and as I said before being tall and manly looking I could really pass for several years older than I was so I said I was sixteen. I told him that I lived in the Mountains but that I was going to school in Baltimore. Well he said you stay with us for the present I will take you back in a few days, this rumpus won't last long, the President has ordered out 75,000 men and that will soon settle the talk of rebellion. I told him that my father was born in Mass. and that I had relatives in that state in the towns of Salem and Methuen. You have, he said, why one of our Lawrence Companies, is mostly made up of Methuen men, it may be that you have friends among them. When we get to Washington I will take you over to see Co. "F" and find out. These things cheered me up greatly and by the time we reached Washington I was much comforted and resolved that if they would let me that I would stay with the Company until they went back to Massachusetts. We reached the Capitol city late in the evening and created almost as much excitement as in Baltimore except that it was of a very different nature. Here it was with shouts of welcome and rejoicing, and although the crowd was not so great as that which we had left behind it was a tremendous throng that surrounded the depot when we disembarked from the train. We made but a short march to the quarters provided which were in the Capitol building itself. The Company I was with being one of several that occupied the hall of the House of Representative, and the occasion was



Washington, D.C., 1861. Patriotic cheers greeted the 6th Massachusetts when they arrived in the nation's capital after the riot in Baltimore. (*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*)

the first and only time that I have ever had the privilege of the floor. The men were all equipped with knapsacks, great coats, woolen and rubber blankets; these soon placed on the floor—each man's knapsack making his berth. Parsons and I arranged to sleep under one blanket using the rubber blanket and great coat as a bed to lie on. We were each man furnished with a tin cup of hot coffee, plenty of hard bread and cold beef from which we made a hearty supper, and as all hands were tired and the doors guarded to prevent going out, it was soon not long before the entire battalion was in the embrace of a refreshing sleep, many no doubt dreaming that they were still fighting their way through Baltimore. I slept well and was only awakened the next morning by the lively notes of the fife and drum playing the reveille. It was the first time I had ever heard it but I thought it grand and inspiring music, and when I was told that it meant to get up I was not long in so doing. I was already dressed for I had not removed any clothing when we went to sleep, as I saw no chance of washing my face I dispensed with the ordinary morning ablution. The Company "fell" in for "roll call," but I remained sitting on the folded blanket, and watched with keen interest how the men as each one had his name called answered "here" and came from the position of "support" to that of "order" arms. Our breakfast quickly followed and was a repetition of the supper, although I noticed that many of the men had chicken, cake and other delicacies which I was informed was not part of the army rations, but food that the men had brought with them from home. The regiment was shortly after drawn up in line "of battle" on the east side of the Capitol, when a speech was made and several "orders" read. It was here I first saw Col. Edward F. Jones and I thought him in my boyish fancy the beau ideal of a soldier and in every way the equal of Napoleon. He was then about

thirty years of age of medium height, heavily built yet not inclined to stoutness, dark eyes and hair, a jet black moustache that curled at the corners as fiercely as that of a Polish hussar and he sat on his horse as though he was part and parcel of the animal itself. The Adjutant Lieut Davis also greatly attracted my attention, his rapid strides, jaunty [strut], about "facings" quick salutes, and orders was very captivating, and I think made me envious—for from that hour I longed to be an adjutant, believing that if I could only reach that important position my ambition would be satisfied for all time. During that day private Parsons had two hours leave of absence, and we made the most of it by visiting many places of interest. We returned in time for the "Dress Parade" which was just before sunset. It was to me of more [import] than all the sights to be seen in Washington and I watched it with an interest as great as that of those who participated in the ceremony. Again it was the Adjutant who caught my admiration, and I hung on his every word and movement as he located the marks for the "Colors" to dress on, and then extended the line as Company after Company took its place until the entire regiment was formed in "Line of Battle." Col. Jones took position about thirty paces in front of the soldiers, the order "guides front" was given by the Adjutant, and Captains took places in front of their respective Companies. The Adjutant took a long march to the center of the battalion and Commanded "present arms"—which order being executed he faced about, saluted the Colonel, and said, "Sir the parade is formed." It was indeed a beautiful sight, but to me the "piece de resistance" was when at the conclusion of the ceremonies, the Adjutant again marched to the front and gave the order, "Officers to the front and center," the Captains of each wing faced inward, the Lieutenants passed through the Company intervals into the line and all closed in on the Adjutant with the Lieutenant Colonel and Major on the flanks—at the order "forward march" the band struck up a lively air and the entire line of richly caparisoned officers went forward as one man, in quick line to within a few paces of the Colonel—where they halted and saluted the Colonel by raising the right hand to the visors of their caps. It was splendidly impressive, and if I had not already made up my mind that first parade determined my fate—I would be a soldier. If I was not old enough to march



Col. Edward F. Jones of the 6th Massachusetts was Ernest Wardwell's idol during the war and later encouraged the younger man to write his memoirs of 1861. (Courtesy of Daniel Toomey.)



in the ranks I would begin as a “drummer boy”—but soldier of some kind I would be and that too for the “star spangled flag” and the preservation of the Union. That night after we had finished our supper, Parsons said, “well lets go over and find Co. ‘F’ and see if we can find out anything about your folks.” It was only the third company from us, the one that carried the colors when in line, so there was but little time lost in getting there. “Hello Jim” was the salutation made by Parsons to a small handsome man with two red stripes on the sleeves of his jacket. “Hello Parse” responded Jim, Corporal Troy, for such was his real name, and Parsons shook hands, then I was introduced as the “little rebel” captured in Baltimore, and I had come over to “Co. F” to see if any of them knew my relatives the Wardwells and Barkers of Methuen, we were at once surrounded by half of the Company, all of whom knew the parties named, and some of them were well acquainted with them. Turkington, Jones, Silver, Abbott, Stone, Marland, and Sanborn—dear old openhanded, loyal hearted, lovable Frank Sanborn my memory goes back to him, as though it were but yesterday, and my heart went out to him the moment he run his big strong hand over my head and said “is Willard your father[?]” on my answering yes he said “Parsons I want this lad. I will look out for him and take him to his folks—they are all friends of mine.” Parsons left it for me to decide and he said he would like to keep me, but I should go if I wished and said “speak out boy,” I was really not ungrateful to him for his great protection, but I felt I must stay with Sanborn and said so. “All right[?]” replied Parsons [“]come and see me sometimes[?]” and with this he took leave of me, but I saw him many times afterward and he was always kind and good natured and gave many a little side ration of good things purchased by him at the “Sutlers.”

Everything now was changed for me on coming to the new quarters. Captain Melvin Beal who was in command of the Company greeted me with a hearty welcome and ordered me to be provided with great coat and blankets. Turkington gave me a pair of uniform trousers, Jones a jacket, and Sanborn drew from the quarter-master shoes, hat, shirts, and underwear. I was rigged out complete, and wore on my shirtfront a big gold “6”—of which later I was as proud as though it were a “Victoria Cross.[?]” I bunked beside of Sanborn, eat with him, and became then, as I was for many a long day afterward, his chum and confidant. My lines had indeed fallen in pleasant places, and I felt entirely at home. The men made much of me, and took turns in teaching me the drill, so it was not long before with a little guidance of my elbow men [that I] march[ed] in ranks quite creditably for a new recruit.

Several days later the New York 7th Regiment arrived and were quartered with us in the Capitol building—they in turn were followed by the 8th Mass. infantry and “Nym’s” Light Artillery of Boston, who had been delayed by the burning of the R.R. bridge at Havre de Grace, they came by boats to Annapolis—here they found the R.R. tracks and locomotives destroyed, but they had a company of men from Taunton Mass—who understood building engines and they quickly repaired damages to both track and engines and arrived safely in Washington—with these troops came Gen. Benj. F. Butler and staff, and it was soon the rumor that we would go to the “front” forthwith and sure enough that evening on “Parade,” orders were



read out that Company Commanders would have their men ready to march in the next morning at a moment's warning.

At nine o'clock the regiment was formed in Columns of Companies, and a thorough inspection made by the Colonel and other officers. Extra rounds of ammunition were distributed, and three days rations issued to each man which was carried in the "haversack," slung over the left shoulder. All being in readiness we were again formed in "line" the Captains went to the "front and center" and held a short conference with the Colonel. On their return the line was broken into "column of fours," and at once put in March, and in a few minutes brought us to the Balto and Ohio R.R. depot, where we were quickly embarked in a long train of cars apparently awaiting us, and in short order quickly steaming back over the road toward Baltimore. Among many the impression prevailed that the rebellion was over, and we were returning to Massachusetts, specially was this thought to be the case when Gen. Butler, and the "Nym's" battery were also on the train. We proceeded very slowly and carefully over the track back to Baltimore more than two hours being consumed in making the trip. On our arrival in the depot it was evident that we were not expected—for there was no crowd to meet us, and it [was] but a few minutes after our reaching the depot when we were quickly hustled out and drawn up in line on Howard street our "right" resting on Conway street facing west. Our stay here was of short duration—we wheeled into columns of platoons—and began to march up Howard Street—as far as Lombard Street, where we wheeled to the right and proceeded eastward on that street. During this march I had no gun—but was in uniform with belts and knapsack and marched as a "file closer" by the side of Sargeant Drew. I shall never forget the feelings of surprise and alarm that filled my bosom on this occasion—the main cause being the fear of recognition. In our front mounted was General Butler and his military staff—with their "Nym's Battery of Artillery["]—followed by our Band and Drum Corps. We marched through dense throngs of people who crowded the sidewalks, and filled the doorways and windows but there was no demonstration of open hostility. When we reached the Customs House, we halted and formed in "Column of Divisions" in two lines—forming our half square on Gay St. and Exchange place, we remained here "resting in place" for quite a long time—during which time the "Star Spangled Flag"—which had been taken down was re-hoisted—and as it proudly fluttered in the breeze was given a salute of "present arms" by the entire Command. I did not see General Butler at this time—nor would I have known him if I had. To be candid I saw very little, and was more than anxious that I should not be seen—my great dread was that Harry Cook or some other of my boy friends would see and recognize me, and I kept my military hat which was full large pulled down over my face—and my eyes fixed on the ground the greatest part of the time. I was both nervous and excited dreading every moment to hear "look at him," look at the traitor—"marching in there among the Yankees."

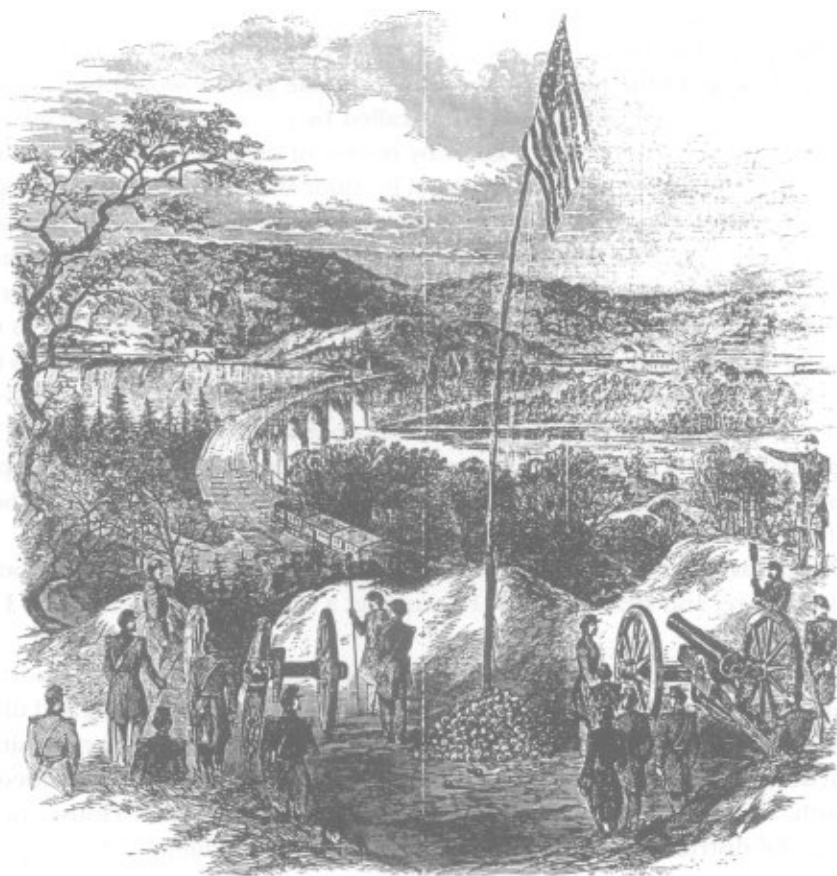
After leaving the ["Customs House"] we marched through a number of streets—and at several points received faint expressions of applause. During one of the many halts Sanborn came up to me, and seeing my condition asked me if I was sick; I said

no but he seemed to think from my pale scared face that something was the matter made me take several swallows of rum from his Canteen—this flew into my brain, and whilst it destroyed my sense of fear, it increased my unsteadiness, and I marched so awkwardly—that Sergt. Drew said I was drunk—and I may have been so—for I have a very indistinct memory for what took place—I know that we marched a great deal—and that finally we layed down on the ground at “Federal Hill” where Sanborn brought me a can of hot coffee, and some Sandwiches which after eating and drinking caused me to fall into an exhausted sleep, from which I was awakened late in the night by the heavy pelting of rain into my face. I found that it had been raining for hours, I was literally soaked and lying in a puddle of mud and water as were the balance of our Company. Sanborn had covered me with the rubber blanket, but it had become displaced and afforded but little protection. I arose with difficulty and, was so stiff, and numbed by the cold that I could scarcely walk about, whilst my drenched clothing seemed to weigh a thousand pounds.

I tried standing, walking and sitting down for the remainder of that awfully long night, the rain continuing to pour down in torrents the entire time, and the only shelter I had was the all cloth blanket which I kept wrapped about my head and shoulders.

Morning came at last, gloomy and lowering, the ground wet and soggy—with great puddles and ponds of water in every direction and no fire to dry our clothes or make us coffee; but the rain had ceased, that was something. We brushed and cleaned our clothing as best we could, eat the cold rations for breakfast with “wetted,” appetites, and there was little of murmuring or complaint. It was ten o’clock when the Adjutant’s “call” sounded and the regiment again under arms, and we began what was to us in our wet clothes a long march to the “Old Carroll Mansion” in the western suburb of the City—here we remained for some days—just how many I cannot now recall but it could not have been beyond a week—from here our next move was by train to the Relay House or Washington Junction—on the B+O.R.R. where we established a permanent camp—on a high hill on the south bank of the Patapsco River—nine miles distant from Baltimore. This hill upon which we pitched our Camp Commanded a clear view of the R.R. track for a distance of several miles, and we had at once redoubts thrown up and cannon placed in them to guard against the approach from Harper’s Ferry eighty miles away which was at the time the chief stronghold of the Confederacy.

It was in this camp that I began to be a soldier in all that the word implies—except “muster” or “enrolling” I was given a gun and ammunition fell in for “Squad” and Company drills, went to target practice took part in dress parades, and performed all duties except that at that time I was not placed on the roster of men detailed for “guard duty.” I however enjoyed the life in the fullest sense. I liked the comradeship, and the men, although they looked upon me as a “Waif” and called me “little rebel,” loved me taught and divided with me all they had in the way of good things, and pleasures. I knew all about the affairs of the camp, and was always ready and eager to be messenger or helpmate for any comrade who had need of my services. Col. Jones and the members of his staff occupied quarters in a handsome



The 6th Massachusetts camped at Relay House, guarding the B&O, summer of 1861. (Prints & Photographs, Maryland Historical Society.)

house—on a little eminence west of the encampment. The drill and parade grounds were in a large meadow in a valley at the east foot of the hill, and but a few hundred yards from the quaint old village known throughout Maryland as “Elkridge Landing.” The march made up and down the hill under arms was something of a feat, but our Company often accomplished it. The regiment in going and coming usually used the road which round around the base and came out on the railroad track in front of the artillery redoubt. At the period of which I write a regiment under the “Hardee” formation consisted of ten Companies all in one battalion—our regiment however had eleven owing to Captain Sampson’s unattached Co. K—being sent out with them at the time of leaving Boston. I mention this fact to recall its 1st Lieut. Ansel D. Wass (after Col. Wass of the 19th) who took some little notice of me and gave me his written address to call on him in case I went to Mass. with the regiment. I never did and he was killed a year later near Port Royal[,] S.C. I was well acquainted with Captain Tuttle of Co. “G”—whose men were called in a jocular way “Tuttle’s pigs,” Captain Pickering whose Company it was I joined and carried the gun in

during the fight also came in for notoriety the officer whose men committed all the wrongdoings in the Camp. [I]f anything was ["]lost, strayed, or stolen" and a question arose as to the perpetrators—the invariable answer would be "Co. 'T' of course." "Old Pick"—however as he was called by the men was as splendid, and gallant soldier, as I have cause to know by reason of serving for a long time in his Command in after days and fully learned of his valor and honesty. As before I stated I was happy in this Camp life. I gave no thought to the future, and had no longing for home as was the case with many of my comrades. When the mail arrived the Captain would have the Company "fall in line" in the Co. street then the Orderly Sergeant would take the letters, call off the names, and hand them over to those present—everyone received letters and parcels except the "waif"—his name was never called and yet he was not despondent. He wrote no letters so he got no answers, in fact all the world to him at that moment was concentrated in the "Old Sixth," and his "Springfield" and his belt buckles were as bright as those of any in the Company—and in the target practices in the old "Stone Quarry" his shots vied with the best of them for a place in the center of the "bull's eye."

While in this camp we had hundreds and hundreds of visitors—the largest portion from Baltimore, and strange to say, I never met a single person with whom I been known to before.

The last month of service at Camp Relay was to me of specific importance. Colonel Jones was called upon to furnish a special detachment of men and officers to guard to the railroad tracks between Relay and Annapolis to guard against its destruction. This duty was devolved upon "Company F"—and we proceeded to it forthwith. Captain Beal established his Headquarters at a Farm House—midway between the district to be patrolled—he then divided the company into squads of twelve men each under the Command of a sergeant and gave [each] detachment a certain number of miles to guard.

I was in the detail of sergeant Abbott and we pitched our tent on the RR about one mile from the village known as "Jessups"—and patrolled the track for two miles toward Washington—until we came to the detail next on our right.

It was here I did my "two hours on"—and "four off" and shouted "Corporal of the Guard" "Post Six" as loud as the best of them.

Many a night I paced over the cross-ties feeling very lonely—and oftentimes I imagined I saw in the shadows of trees and bushes—a would be track destroyer, and been on the eve of firing the signal shot—that would have caused the watchful drummer to sound the "long roll" and alarmed the Camp. But shadows, trees or COWS they always turned out to be, and I never gained the wished-for honor of being favorably reported for vigilance on out-post duty.

On July 3rd and 4th Washington and the entire [country] was shaken from "turret to foundation stone" by the disaster of our troops at Centreville or Bull Run, and the men who had talked lightly of the rebellion [as] a "junket trip" or frolic, began to think and look on the rebellion with graver faces, and to see that the end was not "just yet."

Rumors of all kind flew thick and fast. Our army was killed captured or destroyed—

Washington was in the hands of the rebels who would soon be in Balto. Nothing however of a positive nature could be learned by us poor privates—our officers of course knew better because they had possession of the telegraph lines. Newspapers were in great demand and our men would have readily given a dollar apiece for them had they been attainable, which they were not—our one source of information for the time being was from the natives of the village and they knew just as much and less than we did, but as manufacturers of the crude article they were a success. On the second day we got better information from a Baltimore paper called the “Clipper”—that was thrown off the train as it flew by on its way to Washington and we knew that there had been a defeat but that Washington was not in serious danger.

In a few days the roads and trains were filled with deserters that were fleeing homeward by stolen rides on freight trains hid in house cars and coal hoppers, and we knew that things were going wrong at the front. The duty devolved on Col. Jones to arrest this class of fugitives, which that officer did by having all trains stopped and searched by his guards at the Relay Station. This was a new disagreeable duty, but it was strictly enforced and a great number of men were arrested and sent back to their Commands which were in and around Washington. The [“]Battle of Bull Run” aroused the government to a sense of its danger and opened the eyes of the people of the world to the magnitude of the rebellion. A new levy was made for troops 300,000 being the number called and length of service for three [years] or during [the duration of] the war. The sixth came under a call for 75,000 men for a period of three months and as they were the first to respond there now lacked but a few days of expiration of their term of service. The regiment was composed of representatives [of] business, professional and trades men of the towns of Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester, Groton, Stoneham, and Acton, men who had dropped everything and started to the front at the shortest notice, some had left families scantily provided for, others important matters of business that needed attention—hence while being men of the most patriotic feeling they were anxious to return home, fix their affairs in a more satisfactory condition, and if required return again to the seat of war.

President Lincoln could illy spare any troops at this critical time, specially so valued a Command as this splendidly drilled and ably officered organization; So he sent the Hon. Nathaniel P. Banks, a member of Congress from Massachusetts, to Colonel Jones with an urgent request that he extend the departure of the Sixth Regiment for a few days, in order to give the new troops time to arm and equip, and thus relieve the men whose time had expired without materially weakening the force in the field.

It was a choice between “Love and Duty;” on the arrival of Gen. Banks Col. Jones had the regiment form into a “hollow square,” himself and staff, and Gen. Banks, occupying the center—the troops faced inward with Company officers in front of their Commands.

The Colonel made a short address in which he stated the condition of affairs, the purpose of Gen. Banks visit, and then introduced that distinguished personage. The General afterward became a soldier himself, but was not particularly successful or

brilliant—but as an orator he ranked compeer with the great speechmakers of the day. Upon this occasion he was at his best. The theme was one to awaken enthusiasm, and his utterances were so fervent, lofty and eloquent that he inspired his hearers with his own ardent spirit of patriotism to that extent that when after a peroration of thirty minutes, he raised his hand and cried, “now who will volunteer to stay an additional ten days?” Col. Jones stepped to the front and said in a loud voice “I will,” and let all who will follow me “Hold up their hands,” the scene should have been made the subject of a painting for the halls of the Capitol— The band struck up the “Star Spangled Banner[.]” The drums rolled, the men shouted with one stentorian voice “I will,” and the hands of the entire regiment went up in one grand salute, that in proportion and time was never executed more perfectly even by the “Old Sixth.” It was indeed a fitting climax to a historic tableaux, that forever will remain indelibly impressed on the memories of those who enacted it, and will hover like a sun capped cloud of glory to their honor, fame, and manhood.

When the square was finally broken the Companies were marched to quarters to prepare for the evening “Dress Parade” all were in high spirits and ready for any duty to which they might be ordered.

It was the current belief of the officers that we would be sent to the extreme front, and we daily looked for orders to that extent; But they never came, doubtless we were already in a post of great responsibility, and could be more useful than a new force which would have to learn the duties which we had already acquired.

Gradually the excitement and alarm of Washington abated. Regiment after Regiment arrived daily, new generals were placed in Command and Confidence once more restored.

The days flew by rapidly, and we were busy making ready for our departure. To me however it brought regret rather than gladness. I was happy as it was and could not see much comfort in going to a strange part of the country, where although I had kindred, I was unknown to them and the manner of my reception and welcome could only be conjectured.

The eventful day however dawned at last as on the morning of August 1st—a long special train of cars brought our relief—which proved to be the 4th Wisconsin Volunteers, Commanded by Colonel Habert E. Paine. We received them with rousing cheers of welcome, which they returned in kind. It was a gallant regiment and one that won great distinction before the ending of the war. Many of us were fated to see and know more of this splendid battalion and its heroic Commander in the years that followed.

The same train that brought the Fourth bore us away, and by Monday we were once more in the city of Baltimore, and lying at the President Street depot awaiting orders—with the city surrounding us as friendly and hospitable as though the 19th of April had never been. . . .

It was about two o’clock in the afternoon when all the arrangements were completed—and we steamed out of Baltimore waving goodbyes to the crowds of spectators gathered at the depot. . . .

After leaving Worcester we made no stop of note until we [reached] the wished

for haven, the great "Hub of the Universe," the "Modern Athens" to wit the city of Boston State of Massachusetts, U.S.A..

As was the case in New York, our coming was expected and looked for, and the cheering began the moment we debarked from the cars, and grew into a prolonged ovation as we proceeded through the principal streets. Friends recognized the men in the ranks and called to them by their familiar names of "John" or "Jim" but elicited no response or recognition. The strict discipline of three months in the field had trained these troops to the hour, for although they heard, and saw, but not an eye turned, nor a lip quivered, but with eyes turned to the front their sun tanned faces glowing with martial pride, this grand body of citizen soldierly marched with stately stride, and cadenced step as precise as though the Nation's safety rested on the correctness of their Company alignment. It was a glorious hour for all, and even the "Waif" and alien felt a choking in my throat, my heart expanded in my bosom, and I bore myself as proudly erect as though my name was born upon the Company roster.

We proceeded direct to "Fanuell Hall" that great temple of pioneer liberty, where we were to be quartered for the night.

I had hoped for much pleasure that night, expecting to ramble in the streets, but alas, for my hopes, they were dashed to the ground, when a double guard at the doors barred our egress—we were prisoners for the night in the "Cradle of liberty"—no enlisted man being permitted to leave the building. As we were not permitted liberty there was but one thing for us to do—and that was to sleep and dream of the morrow—the day that was to free the Command of its military obligation to the government. So to sleep I went and soon in its tranquility forgot my disappointment.

The morrow came and it was a bright and beautiful day. I was up with the first notes of "reveille" performed my toilet with care, eat my "hardtack"—with relish and polished my belt buckles, and then sit down on my knapsack with a heart for any fate. Throughout the regiment there was a suppressed excitement, but the beaming faces was evidence that it was not of the kind or nature that causes outbreak. At sharp 10-o'clock—the order was given to "fall in," and we took our places with more than usual promptness every man answering as his name was called, and for the last time as they constituted the "Old Sixth" received the orders to "forward march"—we were on our way to Boston Commons to be "mustered out" of service. Our way was through the most beautiful part of the City, and as before we attracted a vast multitude of people, and all along the route there was much enthusiasm, and great display of flags, and waving of handkerchiefs from balconies and windows. On arrival at the "Common" the throng was much augmented and we went through a number of battalion evolutions before the Governor of the State and his staff—which were vociferously applauded, after which we stacked arms in "battle line"—and the ceremony of "Mustering out" and paying off the regiment began. This was done by Company, each in order being called, and paraded before the Commissary of Musters—the men answering as their names were called, the same as an ordinary "roll call." When "Company F" was called I was in line with the others, and when

the last name on the roster was called—and the last piece at an “order,” I slipped my gun down without notice of it being taken by the onlookers.

I had been told I would receive no pay—and I was not disappointed or heartbroken—but I had not one penny to my name—and as “Casca” said of “Caesar” I fain would have had it. I did not however suffer in this respect, the men of “Company F” known in Lawrence as the “Warren Light Guard” were soldiers and not likely to see a Comrade in distress. They splendidly made up a “pony” purse for the “little rebel” which I doubt not amounted to as much as was the pay of one man. I knew it was by far the greatest sum of money ever possessed by me—and I felt I was indeed a man of means. . . .

Ah those were the days when the boys in blue had their innings. I saw more of it in the days that were to follow and was no longer an alien and I found much truth in the couplet.

When war is rife, and danger nigh  
God, and the soldier, the people cry.  
But when peace has come, and things righted  
Then God’s forgot, and the Soldier slighted.

Ernest H. Wardwell

#### NOTES

1. For Fisher’s involvement in the riot of 19 April, see Fisher’s recollections of the event in Wardwell’s papers and Matthew Page Andrews, “Passage of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment Through Baltimore, April 19, 1861,” *Maryland Historical Magazine*, 14 (1919): 60–76.

2. For recent accounts of the riot, see Jean H. Baker, *The Politics of Continuity: Maryland Political Parties From 1858 to 1870* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1973); and William J. Evitts, *A Matter of Allegiances: Maryland From 1850 to 1861* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1974). The most recent history of the riot is Mathew Ellenberger, “Whigs in the Streets? Baltimore Republicanism in the Spring of 1861,” *Maryland Historical Magazine*, 86 (1991): 23–38. See also Frank Towers, “‘A Vociferous Army of Howling Wolves’: Baltimore’s Civil War Riot of April 19, 1861,” *Maryland Historian*, 23 (1992): 1–27.

3. Ernest H. Wardwell, “A Military Waif: A Memoir of the Old Sixth,” in Ernest H. Wardwell, *Reminiscences of the March Through Baltimore of the Sixth Massachusetts Infantry April 19, 1861 and the Riots Which Ensued*, Special Collections, Museum and Library of Maryland History, Maryland Historical Society.

4. Wardwell, “A Military Waif,” pp. 4, 5. For the estimate of 250 rioters see Ellenberger, “Whigs in the Streets?”

5. Wardwell to Edward F. Jones, 8 October 1909, reprinted in the Binghamton, New York, *Press*, 1909, in Wardwell Collection.

6. *Ibid.*



# A Maryland Refugee in Virginia, 1863

KEVIN CONLEY RUFFNER

At the outbreak of the American Civil War in 1861, many Marylanders who supported the Southern cause were forced to leave their homes and seek shelter in the newly formed Confederacy. Initially, these men and women were welcomed as “the gallant champions of Southern rights hailing from that section [that] will be the nest-egg from which will be hatched a brood of avengers of Maryland’s insulted honor, hard to understand—terrible to encounter.”<sup>1</sup>

As the war dragged on, however, sentiment in the South shifted. A member of the 1st Maryland Battery, John William Ford Hatton, reminisced after the war about the reasons why Marylanders fell out of favor in the South. “It was a notable fact that many of the influential people about Richmond had a certain degree of contempt for the Marylander. It was hard to describe the origin of this feeling. It was explained that the Marylander fled from his state to avoid the Federal draft, and sought shelter in Virginia and became a corrupt and troublesome element.”<sup>2</sup>

While “this certain degree of contempt” appears to have manifested itself primarily in the Confederate capital (in part, due to the actions of Provost Marshal John H. Winder, a Marylander), it did not appear everywhere in the South. The following letter, written by a young Maryland woman living in Charlottesville, Virginia, captures the hopes and fears of Marylanders forced to leave their homes because of political allegiance.

The identity of the author is uncertain because she did not sign her correspondence, in part, due to her fear that it would fall into the wrong hands and implicate her family still in Maryland. She worked as a nurse in the Charlottesville military hospital and was in contact with a number of Marylanders in Confederate military service. Her letter describes life as a refugee and discusses her relationship with other Marylanders in the South as well as her concerns for her family under Union occupation.

This letter, however, never reached its destination because Union military officials apparently confiscated it. It is now filed at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., with a number of assorted documents pertaining to wartime Maryland as Record Group 109, War Department Collection of Confederate Records, Miscellaneous Files, Entry 189, Intercepted Letters, Baltimore, Maryland. It is ironic that the letter has survived only because it was seized by the very enemy whom the author tried to avoid.<sup>3</sup>

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Dr. Ruffner lives in Washington, D.C., and works as a historian for the federal government.

Charlottesville July 18th [1863]

I am growing very impatient at not hearing from home and wondering if any of my letters have been received. I feel a little disappointed at Genl Lee's return from Maryland. I was in hopes he had gone to the rescue of our dear old State at last and I expected to soon enter Baltimore triumphantly but a little more patience. All is well we have so much confidence in our leader to be discouraged by any move which they may make. I regret the suffering & loss in our Md battalion.<sup>4</sup> They are noble soldiers who fight bravely and die well. Captain Gwynn was wounded at the Gettysburg battle. I received a letter from him a few days since he is at Winchester but I have written to him to come here to our hospital.<sup>5</sup> Capt Murray's death is greatly mourned here, he was known & loved by all. A brave man, a fine officer and noble friend he had endeared himself to many here & all along the Valley. Virginia mourns him as her own.<sup>6</sup> Of Col Herbert's death we are still uncertain, there are many rumors concerning it. I hope he still lives his death would be his country's loss.<sup>7</sup> I feel so proud of our brave Md soldiers they are so highly thought of here. But why will not they all come out & fight for freedom? I almost despair of those who tamely submit to tyranny at home.<sup>8</sup> A few of the slightly wounded pass through here from Gettysburg, stopping not longer than a day or a night on their way to Richmond or Lynchburg. Among a squad a few days ago was Dr Freyerson of Balto, wounded through the neck.<sup>9</sup> Our hospitals will be kept for the more seriously wounded who cannot travel as far. I am at the hospital every day & do feel so much interested in our patients, they are such brave sufferers. A poor young fellow yesterday had a ball extracted from his wound, & while under the influence of chloroform he was cheering all the time, calling out "at them again boys, — never tire, never tire." I have a convalescent visitor from the Hospital, a N. Orleans soldier, very handsome, with a head like Byron & great intellect. I have some pleasant conversations with him about Ben Wade, Mr Black & others of Johns's friends, whom he knows well.

August 7th

Since writing the above I have changed my home I am now at the hotel. Mrs Digges house became very much crowded, & Sue and I could not be accommodated in separate rooms, so we made a move. We are very comfortable here occupying nice little rooms plainly furnished in cottage furniture the board the same as before except that here our candles are supplied without extra charge, quite a consideration to us. The society in the house is delightful being principally refugees from Washington, Alexandria, & other parts of Va. There are several families here & many ladies young & old all are so kind to me. I am a protege of every-body's. There is a dear old gentleman here, an Episcopal clergy man & his wife, who are my particular friends they are so kind to me. I cannot tell you how good. Mrs Taylor my friend with whom I was so desperately in love has gone away. I am so sorry I will miss her badly. She was the dearest creature I ever saw. I have a very kind & sincere friend

in the wife of one of our Genls. Indeed I am blest with the best of friends. Apprehend nothing for me, my lines have been cast in pleasant places thus far.

Sue and I hunt up every Marylander who comes to this town. They generally call when they know we are here but we do not wait we attack them whenever we see them without any hesitation. Yesterday there was seven here, three of them Baltimoreans. Mr Tennent, P. Jenkins and Wsn Smith (of Som) they were on their way to their respective companies.<sup>10</sup> All well & in excellent spirits. Two evenings ago we spent at Major S-r's<sup>11</sup> where we met three Majors, one Captain a Lieut, a private and three ladies all from Maryland. And a delightful evening we had. The Virginians accuse us of being clanish. Certainly the refugees are all clanish. We have a Md ward in our hospital, kept by a Md ward-master. A Baltimore clerk in the surgeon's office, who directs Mders to this ward & there Sue & I give our especial attention. I am glad that at present we have not more than ten but one I am afraid is in decline a Lieut from Prince George's.<sup>12</sup> Capt G came down last week—he is improving.<sup>13</sup> Clem is not so well [in] this very warm weather. He is very weak. We are trying to induce him to go to the country but he is afraid to leave his surgeon. He is very timid.<sup>14</sup> Capt G says that when he was at Winchester a lady came to see him who said she knew my mother very well & had known me when a little child & on her way home she meant to stop here & take me to her house. Unfortunately he does not remember her name, only knows she lives in that part of Va adjoining N. Ca. Who can this kind friend be? A few days since Miss Cave stopped here she is a niece of Mrs Bell's & desired me to say when I wrote that she & her family were all well & send much love to her sister & Mrs Bell. She extended to me a very kind invitation to visit her. Last night we had a splendid serenade from the band, it was glorious to hear them play "Dixie" but they wound up with "home sweet home" that had such a saddening influence over me that I cried myself to sleep. If I could only hear from home I would be so happy here. We have no luxuries some discomforts & inconveniences but these are small sacrifices for Liberty. O down indignation, for here we have the pleasure of giving vent to our long pent up feelings against all Yankeedom. My separation from my family and friends is all I regret in my sojourn here. I am so anxious about you all but none more than brother Jim how is he? Where is he? Do tell me all about him? I almost fear to hear. Three months nearly away from home & not one word in all that time. Do you ever think of me. Some how I imagine Cous talks about me. And dear little Neddie, will he ever forget me? Jane is flying around with the girls & the beaux when she ought to be writing to me. And Neddie's Ma & grand Ma both always quiet may be like *the owl* keep up a thinking now. And what has become of Reas? He ought to be in the country [in] this intensely warm weather. I had hoped that Reas's older brother would join the Army in Md. How are Sue's little girls getting on? What a comfort it is to me to have carte visites. I wish I had all I love. You must send them to me. I did not know I had Sallie M.'s vignette until I came to Dixie & I thank her for it a thousand times, it is a good picture of a dear good girl whom I love. I had the pleasure of dining one day last week with Gov Letcher he is affable & courteous in manner & quite partial to our Citizens.<sup>15</sup> From a handsome cavalry man I have received a gift of pretty little white

feather fan. If you ever have an opportunity of sending letters, do send one to Mrs Williams from her friends telling her all the particulars of her mother's death. She is the saddest poor creature I ever knew. Oh writing about home makes me so anxious to see you all. How is Cary & Jude & Cass and all the girls? Miss Maggie included. Give my love to them all. Much love to Mrs. F tell her I look at the moon & am glad to see some thing that looks on my friends in that foreign state, but that same moon shines brighter in Dixie I wish she was here to see. Tell Sallie S I think of her every day & every night of my life & am wondering now if she & her little ones are not enjoying the country. I hope my dear Ma will go to Uncle's this summer I know the trip would benefit her it is so long since she has been away from home. Catherine & Kate still with you remember me to them. My love to every body that I love in dear old Md. Tell Mr O that a very sick Marylander has enjoyed his very good wine. O I am so warm I sigh for a palm leaf fan but they cost a dollar for the roughest kind. Mr J Coakley is boarding in the same house with us. Very kind and attentive to us he keeps us supplied with reading, sends us ice such a treat in this weather and shows his kindness in every way. I don't know what we would have done but for his fondness in lending us "Les Miserables," No Harm and other interesting books. Let his mother know that he is well and doing well. Has a good situation in the Pay-Master's Office and the reputation of being one of the best pensman in the Confederacy.<sup>16</sup> Major S- tells me he saw Cousin John in Richmond last week. I thought he had gone to Europe. Please don't neglect my furs I am afraid they will get moth eaten. You may often find repetition in my letters, but it is because I think you may not always receive all I write. Sue has been here not half as long as I have and she has letters from home. Why cannot you manage to write me & find some opportunity—be always on the *qui vivre*. Ma might write by flag of truce. I want you all who love me to write and send me a large package of good long letters. Be careful what you say of the Yanks I can very well understand & appreciate your feelings towards them & in writing sign no names. I have heard of Mr Mackenzie's arrival in Richmond. Again kisses and love to you all.

#### NOTES

1. Richmond *Daily Dispatch*, 1 June 1861.
2. John William Ford Hatton Memoir, Library of Congress; for further details about Marylanders in the South during the Civil War, see Mary Elizabeth Massey, *Refugee Life in the Confederacy* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1964), pp. 43–45.
3. The Intercepted Letters file was brought to the editor's attention by Michael P. Musick, Civil War specialist at the National Archives.
4. The writer refers to Gen. Robert E. Lee's recent defeat at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and return of the Army of Northern Virginia to Virginia soil. The Maryland battalion, the 1st Maryland Infantry Battalion (later designated as the 2nd), served with Lee's army and was heavily engaged at Culp's Hill near Gettysburg. The unit

lost severely; see the casualty figures in W. W. Goldsborough, *The Maryland Line in the Confederate Army 1861–1865* (Baltimore: Guggenheimer, Weil and Co., 1900), pp. 110–15.

5. Capt. Andrew J. Gwynn (1836–1908) of Prince George’s County commanded Company F, 1st Maryland Infantry Battalion. Wounded slightly at Gettysburg, Gwynn received two other wounds during the war. Kevin Conley Ruffner, “Border State Warriors: Maryland’s Junior Officers in the Union and Confederate Armies” (Ph.D. diss., George Washington University, 1991), p. 433.

6. Capt. William H. Murray (1839–1863) commanded Company A, 1st Maryland Infantry Battalion. He was killed at Gettysburg. For an account of his death, see Goldsborough, *The Maryland Line in the Confederate Army 1861–1865*, pp. 106–9.

7. Lt. Col. James R. Herbert (1833–1884) of the 1st Maryland Infantry Battalion was wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg. See Ruffner, “Border State Warriors,” pp. 261–62, 433–34.

8. Such “despair” was prevalent among Maryland Confederates in their view of those who remained at home. For an example of how one Maryland Confederate officer in the 1st Maryland Infantry Battalion felt about the “stay-at-homes,” see G. G. Guillette to mother, 17 July 1863, in Erick Davis Collection (transcript provided by Thomas G. Clemens), cited in Ruffner, “Border State Warriors,” pp. 205–6.

9. A search through the Confederate records at the National Archives and Daniel D. Hartzler, *Marylanders in the Confederacy* (Silver Spring: Family Line Publications, 1986) does not reveal any Marylander by this name serving in the Confederate military.

10. Thomas M. Tennent, Poland Jenkins, and Wilson C. Smith were privates in Company C, 1st Maryland Cavalry Battalion, who joined the army in the summer and fall of 1863 (National Archives, RG 109, Compiled Service Records of Confederate Soldiers who served in Organizations from the State of Maryland, M321, Reels 4–6).

11. Probably Maj. Grafton D. Spurrier, the assistant quartermaster of the hospital at Charlottesville. Spurrier, a resident of Baltimore, served as captain and assistant quartermaster of the 1st Maryland Infantry Regiment (C.S.) in 1861 although he was later dropped from that position. He signed requisitions as captain and quartermaster at the pay department for the Charlottesville hospital in 1862–63. The Confederate Congress refused to confirm his nomination as major and brigade quartermaster in the spring of 1863. Despite his efforts and his wife’s attempts for promotion, Spurrier was appointed captain/assistant quartermaster on 13 October 1863 with a date of rank of 24 June 1861. He later served in North Carolina, where he was paroled at the end of the war (National Archives, RG 109, Compiled Service Records of Confederate General and Staff Officers and Nonregimental Enlisted Men, M331, roll 234, hereafter cited as CSRCGS. For a list of hospital personnel and description of military activities at Charlottesville, see Ervin L. Jordan, Jr., *Charlottesville and the University of Virginia in the Civil War* (Lynchburg: H. E. Howard, 1988), pp. 45–60, 116–17.

12. It is difficult to determine who this officer from Prince George’s County might have been. Several Maryland officers, with connections to Prince George’s County,

suffered wounds or illness and were admitted to the Charlottesville hospital in 1863. The list includes Lt. Charles S. Contee, 1st Maryland Battery (severely wounded at Winchester); Capt. George M. Emack, 1st Maryland Cavalry; Lt. James S. Franklin, 1st Maryland Infantry; Lt. Joseph K. Roberts, Jr., 1st Maryland Cavalry; and Lt. Thomas H. Tolson, 1st Maryland Infantry. For further details, see the roster in Ruffner, "Border State Warriors."

13. Captain Gwynn.

14. It is uncertain who "Clem" is at this point without further research. It is possible that the author refers to Clement Sulivane, a resident of Mississippi, graduate of the University of Virginia, and a lawyer in antebellum Maryland. Sulivane served as a staff officer in both the Eastern and Western Theaters and was appointed first lieutenant and aide-de-camp for Gen. G. W. C. Lee in mid-1863 (National Archives, RG 109, CSRCGS. M331, roll 239).

15. John Letcher (1813–1884) was governor of Virginia at this time.

16. Once again, J. Coakley remains unidentified as far as Confederate military records are concerned or Hartzler's *Marylanders in the Confederacy*. A John Coakley served as a private in the 2nd Maryland Cavalry Battalion, but there is no link between this man and the Charlottesville hospital.

# “Tim’s Black Book”: The Civil War Diary of Edward Tilghman Paca, Jr., CSA

EDMUND C. PACA, Ed.

**H**is full name was Edward Tilghman Paca, Jr., but he went by “Tim.” A great grandson of the William Paca who served as governor of Maryland and signed the Declaration of Independence, he was a tall redhead who lived with his widowed mother and three younger brothers at Wye Plantation, not far from where the Chesapeake Bay Bridge now dumps traffic onto the Eastern Shore.<sup>1</sup>

By the fall of 1862, many young men in Tim’s neighborhood who sympathized with the Southern cause and drew encouragement from early Confederate victories in the Civil War were ready to fight for the South. They had been drilling with Capt. Ogle Tilghman on the village green in Queenstown, to the cheers of most residents. Tim had more personal reasons for joining up than most. A few months earlier, federal troops had first assaulted and then hauled off to Fort McHenry the Paca’s neighbor, Richard Bennett Carmichael, the circuit-court judge who allegedly rendered pro-Southern verdicts. Evidence of Carmichael’s true sectional sentiments (he was certainly not pro-Union) never surfaced, and authorities never formally charged him with crime; he nonetheless languished behind bars for six months, to the permanent detriment of his health. Much as that bothered Tim, so did the decision of another uncle, William Bennett Paca.

“Old Bill,” as Tim and his brothers contemptuously called him, had switched his loyalties from Southern to Northern and had begun conducting military drills of his own in Queenstown—to lesser applause than Captain Tilghman’s. Appointed some years before as the administrator of Tim’s father’s estate, William had developed into a real antagonist toward the Pacas of Wye Plantation. So generally did the community dislike Old Bill that one pro-Southerner, James Browne, had organized a party to capture him and his family, if possible, with the idea of making them hostages for the safe return of Judge Carmichael.

In that supercharged atmosphere, in September of 1862, Tim left home at age nineteen to enlist in the Confederate cavalry. In a small black book that remains in the possession of the Paca family, he kept a diary of the following six months. Never before published, it offers an account of how Marylanders made their way to Confederate ranks, scrounged for and cooked food, comported themselves in the vicinity of Richmond, and maintained a dry sense of humor. Paca mentions the plot

Edmund C. Paca is a grandnephew of Edward Tilghman Paca, Jr. and former president of the Paca family fund.

to capture Old Bill; he supplies the names of several fellow Maryland Confederates, including Julian Spencer, a Naval Academy midshipman who enlisted in the Southern navy and was wounded in the battle of Mobile Bay (he later became Tim's cousin by marriage).

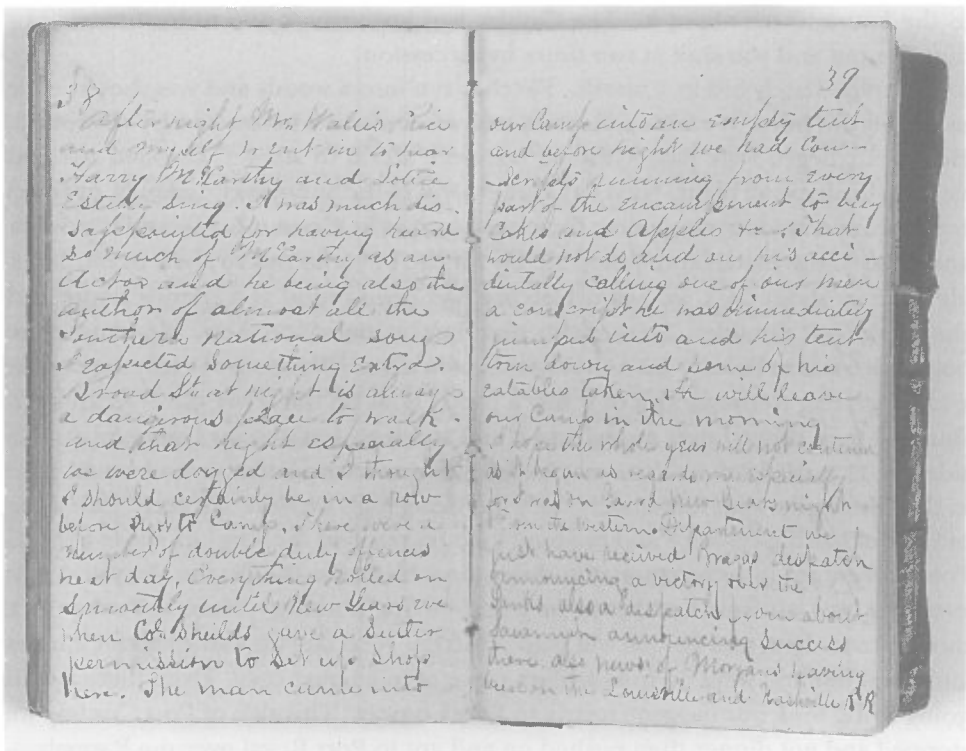
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If a Yankee gets my book he will very much oblige me by sending it to the owners home:

E. T. Paca, Queens Town, Queen Anne's County, Maryland

On arriving in Baltimore I immediately saw W.B.E., who informed me that W. & S. started that evening at 5 o'clock. A few days after I was introduced to a D. Letterman of Philadelphia who started me on a route south, said route running direct through Washington. Here again I was disappointed for on seeing Sothoran I was informed that said route was closed the day before, I myself seeing the army stretched across it like a black snake. I returned. Informing Letterman of the fact, (he being in constant communication with the South) he in about a week after sent me off on the Potomac route. Stopping at C it being night I stopped with a Mr. Tongue to whom I had been referred. Found him a 10 miles to Crownsville very pleasant man and next morning he sent me on horseback to Friendship where I had been referred to a Mr. Mills. He was in Balto when I got there so I went to G. J. for advice. He told me Mills would be home that night so I stopped at F. all night. Seeing Mills next morning, I found him entirely ignorant of all the arrangements necessary. I returned to Balto. There on seeing Letterman again I found Joseph Parker, a nephew of Judge Price who was very anxious to go on. We determined to go the same route, so we started. Got to C at night. Tongue kindly give us supper and sent a guide part of the way. We got to Friendship about 12 and camped out in J. D.'s woods. In the morning we 20 miles from C to Friendship went to [Igleharts] who kindly gave us breakfast. We walked that day to Mr. Ben Tongues where we got dinner and all necessary information. From there we went to Friendship and got tea at a hotel. There we saw Crandle who told us of a officer of the CSA having been there recruiting for Franklins company and had left on account of various rumors started by a Union Scoundrel in F. That night we stayed at Mr. Owens one mile from F. where there were a house full of young ladies. Next day Tho. Owens took us within five miles of Prince Frederick where we walked. Heard from Owens at P. F. Went to Mr. Magruder to whom we had been referred. A very pleasant lawyer in P. F. He sent us to Capt. Rowen on the Patuxent who was to send us over. He failing, We hired a boat to take us to Mr. M. Dukes where we got supper and meeting another Owens we were sent over the Patuxent by Duke to Col. [Columbia] where we slept and took breakfast. His cart going to C. Hall we went in it. Raining and mud very deep. At Charlotte Hall we caught up to Jim Owens the recruiting officer. Staid at C. H. Sat., Sun. and left Monday morning for Newport. Left Jim Owens at C. H. [Charlotte Hall, Md.]. Got to N. by dinner time. Got dinner and saw Shurbon then pushed on to Allens Fresh. Saw Herbert who told us of a Virginia boat to go





The diary of Edward "Tim" Paca is pocket size (4 by 6 inches with clasp). (Courtesy of William Tilghman Bishop; photograph by Jeff Goldman.)

off that night, give us the place of rendezvous. Hurried on and reached the place after sundown. On the way down a young lady rode up and advised us to keep to the woods as Cavalry were coming along that road. Thanked her and on reaching the rendezvous found only two men instead of a large party we expected. B. went to the house and found out that the boat had been taken. Procuring a guide we went on at night to Ledlows Ferry on the Potomac. Stopped in a corn field. Sent the negro down to see if any Federals were about. He reported two men about to cross. B went down and seeing two negroes, represented himself as Gunboat Officer in pursuit of refugees. Found out there were a large party in the woods. Went and found them by a signal whistle. Slept out with them and next day on looking around who should I find but R. Tilghman and W. Sterett who told me Jack and R. J. had started and turned back. I was glad of it. Failing to find Bourri as we were told, almost all of Bonds men returned home with him. Burroughs and Coyle slipped off very secretly leaving 14 of us on the banks of the Potomac. A negro brought us food and told us he had two boats to sell. Shortly after Wood came up and told us he would take us over for five dollars apiece. He took nine over and was to return immediately for us. Returning he was fired into and had to stay over. Ordered dinner from a negro and he not coming Fletcher (2 more of our party having left) went up

to the house to see about it. The Cavalry had just arrived and unfortunately saw him. He ran and was shot at two times in succession.

We immediately hid in a marsh. Fletcher ran into a woods and was shot at once more but not hurt. We laid in the mud and water about 2 hours, cavalry all around. Heard our negro walk past whistling but were afraid to answer. Crawled out and slept on the bank all night. Next day Parker went to the house very carefully, ordered breakfast and made arrangement for a boat to cross in. Got our breakfast for a dollar and crossed the marsh and waited all day for the boy who was to show us our boat. He coming about dark we heard Fletcher had been found at a friends house and shot in the left shoulder. So seriously that they let him alone then. We went to the boat which was in Peter Waxen Creek and got in alone. Went out as easily as possible and on getting to the mouth of it saw a picket boat on the other side. Anxious to shun it I then shoved over away from it and suddenly looking up I saw one on this side not 15 yards from us. You may believe I began to think that room I would have in the Old Capitol but fortunately the wind being high we were not seen. Saw a tug but out of hailing distance and in about 2 hours reached the Virginia shore at Bluff Point. Went up into the country and slept in a blade shock. On the Maryland side everyone was anxious and ready to help you for nothing. Here a Yankee is a moderate to them and no one will help you free. Next day we walked about 2 miles and breakfast and went on to Milville a place of one house only. From there a man going along took our baggage nearly to Port Conway. This side of Port Conway we stopped and got dinner then pushed on and got to Port Royal over the Rappahannock where Goldsborough was arrested. There met Pendleton, Cropper, Blackstone, Crawford, Biddle, Green, Beaton, Schapell, and another name unknown. Stayed there all night and at four got up and hired a wagon to carry us to Bowling Green where we took breakfast. There got a wagon and stage to take us to Chesterfield. Then we all got on one little Hand Car and went down grade, 4 miles in halan hour. Then walked 2 miles to Hanover Junction, where we took the cars direct for Richmond reaching it about 7 o'clock. We were just one week and one day getting to Richmond. Went to nearly all [the] hotels in the city and at last put up at the Columbian on Friday night. Stayed there expecting to go into some company immediately but found out that all the Marylanders had left for the seat of war and we went about the formation of a new company. Thought as soon as I was sworn in I drew bounty and out of that I expected to pay my hotel bill but was mistaken and on settling up I found out I was very much run out [of money] and had to borrow 50 cents to pay my bill, having spent all my money bringing Parker on, who now makes no effort to repay me whatever, although I want all money worse than I ever did. Saw Capt. Winder Monday and was sworn in and sent out to Camp Maryland Monday evening with nothing to eat and only blankets to sleep on. Tuesday got our rations and cooking utensils. Rations consist of bacon and flour and salt. Cook ourselves. Have been here 5 days and now draw rations for 10 men and soon I hope we will get a Company. Yesterday I went to the canal and washed some of my clothes for the first time and made my hands sore at it. Cooking is the most amusing of all camp life. Fry meat and bake bread. This week we have been

lucky in having a few sweet potatoes which we bake in an oven. I have the loan of a fishing line and hook and I think from the looks of the canal I can catch a few fish for a fry. Julian Spencer has a Second Lieutenant's commission and is in Richmond expecting daily to be ordered off the [Frigate] off South Carolina. His uniform cost him about 100. George Hollyday is here, doing nothing as yet. Jim [Easton] is in a Cavalry Company at Charlottesville. J. Spencer saw Mrs. W. Carmichael's sister not long ago. She was very well. It is truly astonishing how many ladies are seen in mourning in Richmond and I am told that almost all would be but for the want of black matera. Every young able man in Richmond in citizens clothes is a Marylander. There is an enormous number of [men] loafing here and all the riots and fights are caused by the Marylanders. We've been out here now a week and a half nearly and nothing of interest has transpired. We now number 9. We have had several promises from different persons to come, but not being liable to the Conscription Act, they almost all go into some money making business, and then they live idle, simply through the clemency of the Confederacy. B. went this morning to the river to secure men for his Company as soon as they cross for after arriving they go into employment. Yesterday the man acting Quarter Master left and in the evening another came, but he also left today both being discharged [from] the service having been adjudged unfit for active service. So Capt. Winder sent word out, without a word from me, that I would consider [Paca inserted the date Oct. 10, 1862] myself as Acting Assistant Quarter Master until he sent out another person. 'Tis a good long walk from camp to go into town to Gen. Winder's office to get a requisition signed, but I won't grumble as I have gotten to do it, I suppose. There have been two deaths in the Mississippi Camp since we came out here. Today, for the first time since we came out, it rained, and some of us had to go down to Camp Winder for our rations.

Wrote home this morning by a private source and if I can get paper and envelopes which are very dear here, I can write very often, I think. Can't expect an answer. Don't know the situation of troops at Harpers Ferry or I would write to Mrs. K. The Mississippians are great ones for music. They have violins, banjos, guitars, fifes and we are just far enough to hear well. E. K. Goldsborough was in Richmond on the 8th, but I did not see him, he having been released from the Old Capitol. This morning we woke up and found it raining so we had some trouble cooking breakfast but finally got it very well. It kept on raining all day and finally about dinner time not letting up we bought about \$8 worth of potato pies and apple dumplings and concluded to cook nothing for dinner, but after eating his mixture we came to the conclusion that we could surely have beat him in cooking if only we had apples. Fortunately three of our boys going to the spring saw an old negro selling apples at 50 cents a dozen. They bought 30 and we pared and cored them. Made pastry and put an apple in [each] piece of it and made 30 dumplings. Boiled them in a camp kettle and in three quarters of an hour they were done and as we happened to have a pound of sugar, although it is 75 cents a pound, they were really fine as I bore witness by eating four. I will want to remember how to cook several articles. I will put it down. In baking bread we must have lard, or a substitute. They give us bacon so we take the meat and slice it and fry it. By that time all the grease will be in the

pan, fried out of the meat. We take the lard so made and make our bread and fry it in a skillet. Only get bacon, ham, and fry it. Some of the boys bought a little wheat and having a little coffee mixed it and had the worst mixture I ever thought of. We have nothing now but water. Whiskey is \$6 a quart, brandy \$8. Sometimes we get rice, sugar, salt and soup and black peas which we took once and made such a mess we did not draw any more.

Another rainy cold and disagreeable day. Bought 30 apples and sent into town to try to buy some sugar to have some more dumplings although it is Sunday. Some of the Boys even played Seven up to see who should cook two cabbages which were found very mysteriously in one of the tents this morning, evidently put there by night by whom or how, nobody wants to know. Burroughs went to the Potomac Saturday morning to hunt up recruits for us. We having heard that 60 had crossed lately. On looking over the register of the Hotel I saw a number of names from our county. There were nine of them. Frank W. Capt. L. Dick Jones Chapman S. Sol. W. Dickinson Bob Goldsborough Hynson and Booker of Talbot. I immediately saw them and sounded them as to what company they were going in. None of them agreed to join us but some said they were not yet determined as to what they would do and would come out and see us but none have yet come. Twenty more have just arrived from Fredericksburg but they are all under a man from Centerville named Roberts, son of a Colonel Roberts. Making three more companies under way out at Camp Maryland. Have not heard from Burroughs yet. Sarpell goes back to Maryland this morning. Good opportunity to send a letter home but unfortunately had not time to write and I think writing so often is not well Bob Goldsborough goes up to the "Line" at Winchester this morning.

Oct. 21st 1862

He says none of the others are going up with him and from that I think they must be about to join some company down here. I shall see them as soon as I go into Richmond again. Richard Jones has a situation under the C S Government as engineer in the building of Gun Boats. Hynson also has the same situation I think. We have the good fortune to have the Commissary General of the Maryland Camp in our company. The office of Commissary was very disagreeable to me account of my speech and I went in and got Winder to transfer the office to Fowler, a member of our company. I have just heard that Bob Jones and Dan Lloyd were in the Chesapeake Artillery. That was Snowden Andrews Command formerly. Snowden Andrews is certainly alive. He was seen in Richmond by one of our boys who knew him intimately and spoke to him. The shell burst in his side and has disfigured him for life. Tis generally believed among us in Maryland that he is still alive. Mr. James Browne was at the office yesterday and I saw him. He has improved wonderfully since he left the other shore. In looking over a Maryland paper I saw that a report was afloat that James Browne and a party under him were about to make an attempt to take the schooner of Wm B. Paca and also some of his family including himself and holding them as hostages for Judge Carmichael, but the afore said gentleman not staying at his residence they were not able to take him. They might have known that the Government could not keep them in Richmond as the city would soon be

overflowed by curiosity seekers. We issue to Roberts men 3 days rations and the hogs eat nearly all up the first day and I suppose now they will have to go without until the time comes again. Can find nothing of Spencer. Julian commands a gun at Fort Darling (Drewry Bluff). I will always remember our soup dinners. A chicken, a handfull of rice which of course sunk, half pot full of Irish potatoes and some slices of shoulder. Then about half done we put in about two dozen dumplings about as large around as a saucer. Another was beef and shoulder, cabbage and potatoes. The government does not furnish us with any vegetables. Roberts men cannot get any straw yet and tis cool at night. Am in Richmond almost every day looking over the arrivals.

Oct. 24

Another great soup dinner today. Went out this morning with four others to ride from camp and found a woods with some chickens in it. Drove them down into the farthest edge of it and made a regular dash at them, captured one and knocked over another but left it. Run like all fire. On the edge of the woods met a man, threw a chicken in the weeds and asking us questions and getting very unsatisfactory answers, left us. He was a picket and suspected something wrong. Got almost to camp when two of us went back and recaptured them. Came along by a potato patch. Negroes at work digging and a white boy to see none were sold. Slipped our pockets full and smuggled a counterfeit note in the negro's hand and left. Let the soup be on too long and burnt it. Bad luck.

Oct. 26

Yesterday morning took a notion to see the picturesque and romantic scenery round about Richmond, so we went to the canal and was stopped by a picket and told we could not go farther. We were in for a jaunt and so we determined to ford James River. Tis just such a stream as Deer Creek only on a larger scale and as regards the water scenery tis prettier but the land being on a larger scale and so long a view is not as picturesque as Deer Creek. It seemed at first impossible but we knew men had crossed there and we started. After jumping from rock to rock more like goats than men we got to an island. Crossed it and got about half way over and came to a place about 20 feet wide and after mature deliberation we waded over getting up to our waists, fortunately the water was not very unpleasant and it did no harm. On landing we came to a negro shanty and to our amazement found out we were only two thirds across. Asked the way across and were sent to a dam. Going to the Dam we suddenly heard one of our men cry out *chicken, chicken*. Of course we caught it by stealing up on its blind side. Our jaunt was over. Going home we told two of the negroes that this river was picketed. The negro stood up but t'was not, but we came [home]. Consequently another soup. Tis astonishing how much labor was put on the canal just at this point. All James River had to be dammed up and twas done by rocks and iron bolts not by woods, I never saw a boat let through a lock on a canal before yesterday and it surprised me for I had not imagined such a proceeding. The Mississippi Artillery got their horses this morning and will immediately proceed to drill them. Our only game out here is Town Ball and with the rest of the Maryland Boys we sometimes get up a game. The draft in Maryland

has sent any number of men to the Potomac to cross and we hear there are 900 now. Would like to hear from home now. I am afraid Burroughs will be caught. We have heard nothing from him in so long. The Mississippians are all building chimneys in their tents. They are all expecting to be moved to Battery No. 7 to winter but they have not so far. It puts one in mind of a Hot House to see how they do. Millers 42nd Miss. Regt. camped here, are always expecting orders to march and always have 6 or 8 days rations ahead. One certain thing is I don't like washing. November 19 Received marching orders and by command of Gen. [John Henry] Winder were brought out to Camp Lee to encamp. We all tried hard not to come here but Winder swore we should come and come we must. We had all heard a most unaccountable dislike expressed by all who ever were in camp here. After being here on day we were moved to another part of the encampment and after staying there a week we were moved again and this time until we leave Camp Lee we will stay here. The utmost dissatisfaction is expressed by several of Roberts men, who only came here to avoid the Yankee Draft and have no patriotic feeling whatever, who are always making themselves the laughing stock of the Company and are always wishing themselves home aga. Since we have been living here [Camp Lee, presumably] we have been feeding off beef (bull) and Yankee pork, the fattest pork and most worthless beef ever seen. When we first came we brought over 2 barrels of flour 100 pounds of meat and after eating off it for a week Winder sent after it and we had to send it all in except 1 barrel flour which we cabbaged. Soon After we came out we were ordered to send 10 men every day to help guard the General Camp. After a weeks guard duty we were let off, and here lately the Mississippi Battalion being ordered off to Fredericksburg (Yankees being about) we will be put on again I expect. I am going to join either Emacks Cavalry or Chesapeake Artillery. Fowler died. Buried him in Holywood [Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond]. Joined Raisin [William Independence Rasin] with the understanding that he was to raise a Cavalry Company with either he or Kuch of [Prince] Georges to be Captain or first Lieutenant. Each to buy half the horses and the men to elect one or the other. Raisin immediately went to North Carolina bought 35 horses and brought them to Richmond and was much surprised to find that Kuch had not purchased his part of the horses. I immediately seeing that Kuch had not means to buy the rest of his horses, Raisin took out for North Carolina for the remainder. On the 24th we received a telegram to the effect that the horses were bought and on Friday they started. We expect them to arrive in 10 to 14 days. Immediately on their arrival we will organize, and I hope leave Camp Lee though none of us expect to see active service this winter.

Christmas has come and gone and I never want to see another in Camp Lee. More than one of our company went to Richmond on forged passes. I for one. Luckily there were no guards out or more than one of us would have seen the inside of a tobacco warehouse before night. Election of officers was near and consequently Christmas was made the time for the great electioneering between the candidates. Whiskey floated around camp and many a one got jolly drunk. So drunk that they had to be put to bed. Putting them to bed signifies throwing them into their tents.

Nobody slept on Christmas eve night until 11 or 12 o'clock. In the morning we all went to Richmond to Dick Jones room, at least I went there. The rest could be found anywhere in town in half an hour from that time. Found Dick and Bob in a room of Mr. Somers, liquor flowing very plentifully and cake and apples for a luxury. Staid there about 2 hours every thing merry, plenty of music vocal and instrumental (banjo) when all of a sudden who should pop in but Mr. Willett. If an earth quake had happened just at that time there could not have been a more complete scattering than at that moment. Mr. Willett stayed about half an hour. As soon as he left it seemed as if by magic that they all reappeared. On getting noisy we, Mr. Wallis and [sentence incomplete; here follows records of small debts Paca's comrades owed him].

I left them and went to the Linwood House where we were to have a dinner given us free of expense through the kindness of a Mr. Wright, the proprietor, formerly a Marylander. On the way we found Staflins trying his best to hold up the Spotwood Hotel. Got Mr. Worthington to go along to dinner. He was just merry enough to politely accost everyone he met, and very impolitely curse every one of the Virginians he knew. Got him to the Linwood and he immediately proceeded to do justice to the dinner. All of our men were there and to do Mr. Wright justice his dinner was a good one and was highly appreciated if the manner of their eating was any standard by which to judge.

After leaving the Linwood House we scattered about like sheep. I found Ned Goldsborough and Frank Wright at the Hotel and a party of us went to Frank Wright's room and played cards some time when I left and finding our boys at the Spotswood very merry we all came out together to Camp. On our way out we called at a number of cake shops and flanked. On arriving at camp Merrick, tapped a cask of Lager Beer and afterwards treated the company to a supper at a Shanty in Camp Merrick. Supper being intended solely as a treat to the Cavalry, as much was hinted to some of the infantry company who immediately took offense and a serious disturbance like to have taken place.

After night Wallis Price and myself went to hear Harry McCarthy and Lottie Estelle sing. I was much disappointed for having heard so much of McCarthy as an actor and he being also the author of almost all the Southern National songs I expected something extra. Broad Street at night is always a dangerous place to walk, and that night especially, we were dogged and I thought I should certainly be in a row before I got to Camp. There were a number of double duty offences next day. Everything rolled on smoothly until New Years Eve when Col. Sheilds gave a [Sutler] permission to set up shop here. The man came into our camp into an empty tent and before night we had conscripts running from every part of the encampment to buy cakes and apples & c. That would not do and on his accidentally calling one of our men a conscript he was immediately jumped into and his tent torn down and some of his eatables taken. He will leave our camp in the morning. I hope the whole year will not continue as it began as regards me especially, for I was on guard New Years night. From the Western Department we just have received Braggs dispatch announcing a victory over the Yanks. Also a dispatch about Savannah announcing

success there. Also news of Morgan having been on the Louisville and Nashville R.R.

Everything works finely now. Capt. Raisin having gotten all the horses, and having men enough we organized as the Winder Cavalry on the 18 of Jan. '63 and were mustered in as a cavalry company of the Maryland Line by Capt. Winder on the 19th. The Company was named in honor of Brig. Gen. Winder of Maryland and in honor of it the Gen. ought to have treated but he did not. The day after our arms came out and were distributed by Capt. Raisin. We had short Springfield Muskets given to us but we will not have them if possibly Capt. Raisin can obtain Carbines for us and it is very likely that being a pet company as we are he can do so, at any rate the Muskets will not be issued as yet. There is not much chance of my getting a Revolver as there are none in the Ordnance Dept. There was an order for 1100 Sabres sent in just before ours and they had not half of them, but ours being a pet company, we got our order filled first and consequently got our sabres immediately. We have all been very much worked up on account of the kind of arms we get issued to us. They gave us Springfield Muskets, smooth bore, and we thought we could exchange them for Carbines of improved patent, but after giving us the Muskets they refuse to return them for Carbines although having any quantity of them in Richmond. We can get no Revolvers, only Sabres and Muskets. Last Thursday, poor Slavin of Charles Co. died of congestive chill. Tis astonishing how soon a man dies after having been taken. He lived only one day and on Saturday we buried him with all due military honor. He ranked as our fourth Corporal. That makes two of our men died of disease. Friday a man was ordered to be executed at Camp Lee for desertion. He was a member of the 5 Va. Cavalry. Early in the morning we were all assembled out on the parade ground, and soon the City Battalion made its appearance and took up position on our left, forming one side of a hollow square. Soon another part of the Battalion came into position forming a third side of the square opposite, the fourth and eighth side being left open. Six out of twelve guns were loaded and the detail took their places. The prisoner was led out and after simply asking them not to shoot at his face, shook hands with the preacher, was blindfolded and knelt down. At the order "Make Ready" every rifle clicked and more than one man's blood ran cold when they heard them. Another instant "Fire" and he fell forward on his face without a struggle.

The detail was marched off and all the troops paraded around the corpse. He was shot in the face, heart, and thigh. I just discovered my horse to be very lame from the scratches and am now using every remedy for this week we go up into the mountains if all the horses are well enough. Already two details have been made from our company to go out into Henrico Co. to hunt up conscripts. Tis the most unthankful office yet. If it were only for the men it might be a pleasant job, but when you get a pretty girl after you crying and scolding and playing the devil generally, you begin to feel infernally cheap. The ground where the conscripts are is the site of the battle grounds around Richmond and consequently tis an interesting journey. The men of that region are the worst kind of men. Camped out in the woods to prevent being taken as conscripts. The women are pretty. We will soon



be paid for past time and then I hope to keep clean and have a little money in case of emergency. The C. S. owes me for four months but I can get only until Jan. 1st. That will be only \$36 but even that is a help. The 18th of February 1863 is gone and I am twenty years old. It depends on circumstances now whether I ever see another birthday or am ever a free man. Last Saturday we were all drawn out to see another man shot. He was a deserter. On going out this time we were on our horses and it was some time before he got into place.

By the time we got situated, the condemned was out before the detail ordered to carry the execution into effect. His eyes were bandaged and he knelt down. When he was ordered to stand up and his eyes untied and the officer in command commenced reading a paper, I was certain the poor devil was reprieved but it proved to be his death warrant and after a few moments he was again bandaged, knelt, and in a minute he was shot. The Bullets went clear through him and into the ground. One of them came by us, high over our heads, whistling along. the fellow sprang forward and fell on his fact and not being perfectly dead, straightened out. The first one was killed instantly not even falling over. He just fell forward enough to assume the attitude of a person drinking from a river. I am getting so I don't care in the least about seeing such a scene. The morning after we woke and were astonished to find the ground covered with snow some 6 or 8 inches deep. I had noticed that the papers spoke of a deep snow at the Rappahannock some days before, but I hardly expected it would come this far south, but now I expect it will be deeper before night. Tis hard on the army. Ours is the only tent where the officers come to cook and sit now that they are without servants. In that way we use their wood and keep a fine fire.

If ever I get home I can show anyone how to cook slap jacks, a favorite article in camp. On account of Tom [Gunnill's] going to Maryland our wages have been postponed until the end of this month when it will be no longer be detained. I only hope he will soon return. Sent a letter off home by a friend direct. It can hardly fail to go. My Letter has been burnt. The man who took it was unable to get into Maryland, so he burnt all. At last we have marching orders and it is determined that we leave on the 13th of March. I was very much in doubt if I could leave with the rest on account of my horse, but after Captain's looking at him he told me I had better try it, so all being ready we started on 13th.

The day before starting, we were all paraded through Richmond the request of our friends there. First we went by Gov. [Letcher's] mansion. Gave three cheers for him. Next, 3 before the Engineer office. Proceeding up Main St. to the Arlington House where Gen. George Stewart [Steuart] has his lodgings. He commands the Line now. We have him 3 cheers and he told us there was plenty of work up in the Valley. Leaving Main St. we went to Gen. Winders. After cheering him, he complimented us on our looks and then simply told us to go and get Milroy. Twas characteristic of Winder. Says very little but it is all to the purpose. Then we went by Gen. Elsey's residence, and after a short speech, they waved a Maryland flag at us.

I thought the lady who waved the flag at us was the prettiest I ever saw. Afterwards

we found out that it was Mrs. Dick Conte of St. Marys. Dick Conte was on the porch and he looked to me like a fashionable gambler. We ought to have had the flag and if we had known what we know now we would have had it. The day after we started out on the march up to the Valley. Nothing of interest took place and instead of camping there we came two miles out of town. Notwithstanding, a good number of our men were drunk that night. On arriving at Staunton we received our carbines which had been sent up by Gen. Geo. Stewart. It had commenced snowing early the morning we got to Staunton so we had to march all day through. Camped at Lacy Springs for some time. At length we were ordered to prepare for a Scout by Gen. Jones. Struck our tents in the rain and to our surprise did not leave that evening. Raining, we slept in a barn. Next day the company restruck our tents and staid a week more. Struck at last and Jones Command left on a Scout. I and about 100 others were unable to go on account of our horses. Heard that they had a fight at Fishers Run. No particulars so far. Lt. Burroughs had his horse stolen on the march and had to return to camp. Also one of Company A. Jones has made the grandness raid as yet ever carried through in the Confederacy. Not yet do we know the full news and all await with great anxiety his official report which will be handed in on his return.

Jones is beginning to believe in the Maryland Boys. On several occasions having ordered the 6th and 7th Va. Cav. to charge, once a house and again a regular block house, they refused, when he cursed them and ordered them away, sent to the rear of the column for the 1st Maryland Battalion who he knew would charge and they did and succeeded. And even then the papers gave the 7th credit for charging 3 times and sustaining heavy loss. Chap Spencer was killed instantly at Greenland. Dick Roberts was buried at Lacy Springs having died of pneumonia. 8 of us acted as pall bearers and the same 8 of us filled in his grave. Twas really comforting to render the last tribute of respect to the remains of a fellow soldier. Tis seldom a prayer is said over the grave of a soldier, but tis seldom that he is not buried decently when he dies of disease. At home there is the service read, the minister is present, the friends of the deceased all mourn his loss, and the scene is a solemn on. Here tis men burying a soldier, but the scene is more solemn than any funeral I ever witnessed. You help arrange him, act as pall bearer, lower him with your own hands into the grave, and with your own hands fill in his grave. Tis something I shall ever think of whenever I am at a funeral if I am lucky enough to get out of this scrape alive. Emack took a party of our men on a scout near Winchester just after the yanks came up in Jones' absence and we were ordered to reinforce him.

Last week we were camped near an ice pond and I just lived on terrapin soup. At first none of the rest would eat them, but they soon got so ravenous after terrapin soup that I thought catching terrapins for that mess did not pay. I have been shooting young squirrels lately, but hitting them with a carbine is no easy job. I have seen the spot where Ashby fell. Tis a simple monument of stone with a plank with the inscription "Ashby fell, tread lightly". The trees are riddled with balls. While Jones was out in Western Virginia, Company "Q" was ordered to picket at Fishers Hill. Went down and for a week was at Round Hill doing duty. Every day the Yanks

were reported advancing and we were ordered to saddle up sometimes twice a day and at night we were always saddled. Met with no Yanks and on the return of the Battalion we went back to Bridgewater. While in Bridgewater a festival was held for the benefit of wounded and sick soldiers. Twas gotten up by the first families and although twas gotten up on the spur of the moment twas a very interesting affair, all the beauties of the town was out. Twas held in a barn, but the barn was so dressed up that you would not know it. Everything passed off well and happening as it did the evening after the Battalion was paid off they succeeded in clearing the sum of \$900. Twas a good amount for our Bat. But when you come to think how little a soldier cares for his money you would not be surprised at all. Many of the ladies wore wreaths and a number of our men gave \$5 for the privilege of wearing a pretty lady's wreath. The camp being on one side of Dry River and the town being on the other, some of the boys took the boat over so that none of us could get back to camp. Nobody else being willing to go, I swam over and got the boat. On getting her over, almost everyone jumped on and it commenced sinking when all but I got out and we went across. I lost a stocking that night, a great loss to a soldier. Next day we were ordered by Gen. Jenkins. We were a long time under Review. Since then every preparation has been made for hard marching and heavy fighting. Left camp 10th expecting to go to Winchester but we now have made a halt at Middletown unexpectedly. 'Tis wonderful how far a soldier will go for a pound of butter or a supper. I have often gone 3 or 4 miles and then pay high for it. When in a stationary camp a soldier will be apt to shoot a beef, hog, or chicken for lying idle, but on a march he never kills anything for then he never eats more than twice a day and his rations will do for two meals.

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General Winder, whom Tim liked quite well, was not equally appreciated by Richmond natives. He was the provost marshal who failed to control unauthorized troop visitations to the city. It was not a role conducive to universal popularity.

Taken prisoner near Winchester, Virginia, in June, 1863, Paca was taken to Fort McHenry. He was exchanged that same month at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, and in October was wounded in the left shoulder at Morton's Ford, Virginia. Three days before Christmas he returned to duty, only to be recaptured in May, 1864, at Pollard's Farm, Hanover Junction, Virginia. He was mustered out of Confederate service in April, 1865.

Paca then went back to a much-beleaguered Wye Plantation, by then simply called the Paca Farm. That part of it which would have been his inheritance had been confiscated due to his Confederate service, and the rest of it later went to auction for back taxes and mortgage payments. One of his brothers had been slain in a property dispute, involving Old Bill and three of his sons, leaving only Henry and Fred as co-workers of the farm.

Tim's older sister, Julia, was already married when he joined the Confederate cavalry. By 1875, his mother went to live with her in Charles Town, West Virginia.



Edward Tilghman Paca, Jr., captured twice during the war, afterward returned to his home at Wye Plantation on the Chesapeake Bay. (Courtesy of Edmund C. Paca.)

Tim married one of Judge Carmichael's daughters and settled down to a reasonably pleasant life nearby at the Carmichael homestead. He died there in 1922, aged seventy-nine.

#### NOTES

1. Headnote and epilogue to the diary draw upon the research and recollections of Isabel Paca Brady, niece of Edward T. Paca, Jr.; the Paca diary, owned by William T. Bishop, grandson of the Confederate soldier; Paca's official service record; and family records kept by Fanny Carmichael Paca, wife of Henry Paca.

# Military Prisoners in the Baltimore City Jail, 1864

FREDERICK GAEDE

While creating a database on U.S. Army Quartermaster contracts of the Civil War period, maintained in Treasury Department records at the National Archives, I came across two 1864 contracts which reveal the footnote to history that the Baltimore City Jail was used to hold military prisoners. The complete text of both is provided below, which leaves open the question of whether those confined were Confederate soldiers, or possibly civilians who could not be accommodated at Fort McHenry.

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Articles of Agreement entered into this first day of November, A.D. Eighteen hundred and sixty four, between Captain G. S. Plodgett, Acting Quartermaster of the 8th Army Corps, an officer in the service of the United States of America, of the one part, and Thomas C. James, Warden of the City Jail of the City and County of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, on the other part.

This agreement witnesseth that the said Plodgett, for and on behalf of the United States of America, and the said James, for and on behalf of the Board of Visitors of the City Jail, have mutually agreed, and by these presents do mutually covenant and agree to and with each other as follows, viz:

First. The said Thomas C. James, on the part of the Board of Visitors of the City Jail, shall supply, or cause to be supplied, from the first day of November, 1864, to the first day of March, 1865, or such earlier day as the Commissary General of Subsistence may direct, to each of the prisoners confined in said Jail by military authority, good, wholesome and sufficient cooked food for their proper maintenance and comfort, and he further agrees to provide good and comfortable quarters for the prisoners aforesaid.

Second. It is further agreed that the said Plodgett, on the part of the United States of America, shall pay, or cause to be paid, to the said James, on behalf of the Board of Visitors of the City Jail, the sum of thirty cents per day for subsistence, and the sum of five cents per day for quarters for each prisoner confined as aforesaid.

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Frederick Gaede is editor of *Military Collector & Historian*, and has written extensively on nineteenth-century military organizations and accoutrements.

Third. No member of Congress, officer or agent of the Government, or any person employed in the public service, shall be admitted to any share herein, or to any benefit which may arise herefrom.

Signed, sealed and delivered this 21st day of November, 1864.

G. S. Plodgett, Capt. & Acting Qr.Mr. 8th A Corps

Thomas C. James Warden of Balto City Jail

Witness: T. H. Burgess, N. H. Nichols

*Articles of Agreement* entered into this thirty first day of May, 1864, between Lieut. Col. Alexander Bliss, Quartermaster, U.S.A. for and in behalf of the United States, and Capt. Thomas C. James, Warden of Baltimore City Jail. This agreement

*Witnesseth*, That the said Capt. Thomas C. James for and in behalf of the Baltimore City Jail, agrees to receive five hundred prisoners, more or less, lodge them and feed them on the same rations as are usually issued to prisoners in said Jail, as the United States authorities may require.

And the said Lieut. Col. Alexander Bliss, Quarter Master, for and in behalf of the U.S. Government agrees to pay the said Captain Thomas C. James twenty-three cents each man for each and every twenty four hours said prisoners are so lodged and fed.

Witness our hands and seals this thirty-first day of May, A.D. 1864.

Alexander Bliss Lt. Col. & Qr Mr

Thomas C. James Warden

Witness: T. H. Burgess. John Hamilton

#### NOTES

1. NA, RG 217, 2nd Controllers Office, Entry 236 QM Contracts 1864, Box 36.

# A “Minute” Regarding Major Harry Gilmor

CHARLES P. FORBES

Students of the Civil War, and particularly of Major Harry Gilmor, may be interested in the following Minute from the Minute Book of the Boundary Avenue Presbyterian Church Session, found in volume one, page 25. The Boundary Avenue Presbyterian Church was established in 1880 by the Baltimore Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. Its first pastor was the Rev. George Tybout Purves. The church was located at Boundary Avenue and St. Paul Street and became the Northminster Presbyterian Church shortly after Boundary Avenue was renamed North Avenue. The church dissolved in January, 1959. The present Northminster Presbyterian Church in Reisterstown is a new congregation, founded by the Presbytery to be the successor congregation.

The ordained lay elders of a Presbyterian church, together with its pastor, constitute its session. It is the governing body of the congregation.

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*17 Jan 1883.* Private Communion for Major Harry Gilmor, whose daring raids in Confederate Cavalry are historical.

On Wednesday, Jan. 17th, 1883, at 12 o'clock noon, Major Harry Gilmor, a member of the Congregation<sup>1</sup> & in communion with the Prot. Episcopal Church, being extremely ill & desiring to partake of the Lord's Supper; the Session met in his sick room (all being present), & the communion was celebrated by those there present.

## NOTES

1. The reference to “congregation” is ambiguous. Apparently it does not refer to the Presbyterian church, as no Gilmor is shown on the rolls for that date. Presumably it refers to membership in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

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Charles Forbes is the stated clerk of the Presbytery of Baltimore, Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.)

## Book Reviews

*An American Saga: The Story of Helen Thomas & Simon Flexner.* By James Thomas Flexner. (New York: Fordham University Press, 1993. Reprint. Pp. xviii, 494. Illustrations, appendix, bibliography, source references, index. \$35 cloth; \$20 paper.)

James Thomas Flexner's biography of his parents, first published in 1984 by Little, Brown and Company, tells each of their stories from childhood to marriage. An account that evokes the southern and eastern United States in the last half of the nineteenth century, it is "a deeply American saga since Simon Flexner and Helen Thomas could hardly in any other land have been led to each other and then united into so harmonious a whole" (p. xv). It is also an American saga in that family members—who included Abraham Flexner and M. Carey Thomas—helped to shape the intellectual life of the nation.

In background, religion, experience, and interests, Simon Flexner and Helen Thomas could scarcely have been more different. Simon, a son of poor Jewish immigrants, was born in Louisville in 1863. A hapless child, he dropped out of elementary school to take a series of menial jobs from which he was usually fired. Not until he was sent to the Louisville College of Pharmacy, in return for two years of labor at a drugstore, did he fasten on the interest that was to propel him to eminence as a leader in medical research. His work with the microscope led him to investigations in the new sciences of pathology and bacteriology—first in Louisville, then at Johns Hopkins, later as professor of pathology at the University of Pennsylvania, and finally, as the first head of the Rockefeller Institute in New York.

In contrast, Helen Thomas was part of a Quaker family that traced its presence in North America to the seventeenth century. Born in Baltimore in 1871, Helen grew up shy, sensitive, often ill, and dominated by her eldest sister—the forbidding feminist M. Carey Thomas—and their evangelistic mother. Helen graduated from Bryn Mawr College (where Carey was the dean) and taught English there until she married Simon Flexner in 1903.

Helen's correspondence and diaries, with other previously unmined sources from several generations of Flexners, Thomases and forebears, are the basis of the book. Although the author draws on the manuscripts of other family members, it is Helen's writings in particular that lead the reader into Maryland customs and Quaker mores, exposing the ways in which the Thomas women conformed to, manipulated, and flouted the conventions of the day.

Flexner depicts the 1777 encounter between Helen's great-great-grandmother and the Hessians with the brio familiar to readers of his books about the American Revolution, but he is equally adept at imparting intellectual excitement. In discussing Simon Flexner's years in Baltimore, the author conveys, rather than merely describes, the exhilarating atmosphere at the new Johns Hopkins hospital and



medical school. This is familiar terrain: Father and son have already related many of the same stories (Simon Flexner and James Thomas Flexner, *William Henry Welch and the Heroic Age of American Medicine* [New York: Viking Press, 1941; Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1993]. The stories remain fresh, however, because Flexner now tells them from the combined perspective of biographer and family member.

The author nevertheless manages not to let these two roles conflict. He is not shy about inserting himself into the narrative. And his love for his parents emerges in sweet details. Eighteen months old when her brother Frank was born, Helen “called him ‘little felly,’ until it became almost his name. . . . The two children became so inseparable that they were known in the family as ‘us’” (pp. 143–44). Yet Flexner is a hard judge of the veracity of his sources, never allowing love and pride to supersede the measured assessment of character and events.

Those especially interested in Maryland history may regret the absence of discursive footnotes, which might have provided more detailed information. The first Maryland home of the Carey family, for example, is referred to in the text simply as “a mean cabin by a stream in the wrong part of Baltimore” (p. 71).

Quibbles aside, it’s hard to praise *An American Saga* without sounding fulsome. James Thomas Flexner is a historian who writes with a novelist’s sensibility and a memoirist who writes a historian’s rigor. Here he has used his talents to illuminate the homely and the grand—family personalities and important ideas in this country’s history. All thanks to Fordham University Press for bringing back this splendid book.

SUSAN L. ABRAMS

*Bulletin of the History of Medicine*

*The Naval War of 1812: A Documentary History. Volume II, 1813.* Edited by William S. Dudley. (Naval Historical Center, Department of the Navy, Washington Navy Yard, Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1992. Pp. xlv, 779. Illustrations, short titles, index. \$43.)

In its so-called “Second War of Independence” against Great Britain between 1812 and 1815, the fledgling United States faced seemingly insurmountable odds in a wide-ranging, unpopular and often sporadic conflict with the greatest naval power on earth. Though it would win some astonishing victories in 1813—the year on which this volume focuses—the tide had clearly begun to turn against the new nation. The struggles and outcome of the still poorly understood War of 1812 continue to intrigue and perplex scholars to this day.

For volume 2, Dr. Dudley, Senior Historian of the Naval Historical Center, has painstakingly selected and presented more than five hundred documents, mostly eyewitness accounts of the prosecution of the maritime war, from a vast variety of viewpoints. Volume 1 of the *Naval War of 1812* covered events through the end of 1812; volume 3 will conclude with 1814–1815. Volume 2’s five broad chapters cover “The Atlantic Theater,” “The Chesapeake Bay Theater,” “The Northern Lakes

Theater," "The Gulf Coast Theater," and "The Pacific Theater." Within these theaters of operation, Dr. Dudley has arranged hundreds of topics, in chronological order, under each of which one finds a handful of pertinent documents. These documents include plans and official reports from naval officers, newspaper columns of the day, statements from civilian officials and bureaucrats, letters from private citizens, etc. Foremost among the many sources is the National Archives and Records Administration. The documents reveal the tempo of the times, describing warfare, changes of season, major concerns and minor squabbles. They capture famous battles, such as the Battle of Lake Erie, and relatively obscure operations, such as those located on the Florida Atlantic and Gulf Coasts.

Introductory essays provided for each theater, and headnotes provided for each topic, help to guide the reader through the significant flow of events and prepare a context for the documents that follow. In his introduction to "The Chesapeake Theater," Dr. Dudley writes that "The Maryland militia was so divided in its command between Eastern and Western Shores, and so weakly armed and inexperienced, that little activity can be credited to its account" (p. 310). Topics that follow include "*Constellation* and the Defense of Norfolk," "Baltimore Defense Plans," "Fulton's Torpedo," "Gunboat Flotilla Attacks British Frigate," "Defense Plans for Washington," and "Joshua Barney and the Defense of the Chesapeake."

The second document under the topic "British Raiding Parties" is a report from Admiral Cockburn to Admiral Warren, describing his attack on Havre de Grace in May 1813. After driving the defenders to the edge of town, Admiral Cockburn states "they were closely pursued and no longer feeling themselves equal to a manly and open Resistance, they commenced a teasing [sic] and irritating fire from behind their Houses, Walls, Trees &c. from which I am sorry to say my gallant first Lieutenant received a Shot through his Hand . . . he however succeeded in dislodging the whole of the Enemy from their lurking Places and driving them for Shelter to the Neighboring Woods . . ." (p. 342). Cockburn then burned most of the town.

Gripping testimony by privateersmen, legislators, captains, smugglers, and many others on both sides, creates a unique perspective on the attitudes, successes and failures of the campaigns of 1813. Sometimes the larger picture that Dr. Dudley attempts to paint, by use of particular topics or archival selections, may elude the reader. But a sense of the day-to-day efforts of individuals, whether sincere or manipulative—witnessed by both the "common man" and the celebrated leader—will fascinate anyone with an interest in the period. A true feel for the drama comes through, along with helpful insights into the texture, thoughts and expressions of the time.

This is the only documentary work of its kind currently in print that focuses on United States naval affairs during the war. Most general histories present a misleading and simplistic portrait of these hostilities and their causes. Dr. Dudley attempts to "display the underpinnings" (p. vii) and "fairly represent the concerns of the Navy Department" (p. ix). Perhaps no single work can completely succeed in these ambitions. But its multitude of voices and faithful transcriptions, assisted by a generous selection of fine black and white illustrations, maps, and tables, will offer

something for everyone. Researchers, lay readers, and naval officers alike will find enjoyable revelations and worthwhile directions for further study in this second volume of *The Naval War of 1812: A Documentary History*.

BERT HUBINGER

*Annapolis*

*Maryland in the Civil War: A House Divided.* Robert I. Cottom Jr. and Mary Ellen Hayward. (Baltimore: Maryland Historical Society, 1994. Distributed by the Johns Hopkins University Press. Pp. 126. Illustrations, index. \$24.95.)

"Go it, boys! Maryland whip Maryland!" So exclaimed a Southern partisan as the Confederate 1st Maryland attacked Front Royal, occupied by the Union 1st Maryland, during the spring of 1862. This sort of confrontation in the Shenandoah Valley proved no anomaly.

Conceptually, America's Civil War was a conflict between an economy that was largely manual and another that was far more industrialized, a struggle between the belief in the need to preserve the Union and the wish to be left alone. Slavery mattered tremendously to some, to others hardly at all.

Concepts, however, do not fight wars. On the level of combat it was, as always, a battle between people, a war filled with startling alliances. Maryland's position was particularly odd. One of the three border states, it was also the northernmost slave state and the first former slave state to abolish this "peculiar institution." Not surprisingly, Maryland witnessed a good deal of familial combat. Uncles tracked nephews; fathers confronted sons; brothers battled brothers.

Marylanders, as Robert Cottom, a Baltimore publisher and historian, and Mary Ellen Hayward, curator at the Maryland Historical Society, explain, were "divided in almost every conceivable way." About forty thousand men fought for the Union; perhaps half that number joined the Confederacy. Western and northern Maryland were largely federal in sympathy, southern Maryland and the eastern shore largely Confederate. Baltimore, which was placed under martial law the month after the attack upon Fort Sumter, split its allegiance.

Situated as it was, Maryland was "a prisoner of geography." The first bloodshed of the war occurred in Baltimore on 19 April 1861 as Massachusetts troops, attempting to pass through the city on their way south, were assaulted and opened fire. "Avenge the patriotic gore/That flecked the streets of Baltimore," wrote southern sympathizer James Ryder Randall in "Maryland! My Maryland!" This song was officially adopted the next century by the state's General Assembly.

As the war progressed, the state proved of tremendous strategic importance for both Lee's Army of Northern Virginia and the federal Army of the Potomac. In September 1862, during the first Maryland Campaign, the lush farmland of Washington County became, to borrow Stephen Sears's memorable phrase, a "landscape turned red." The Battle of Antietam (or Sharpsburg, as the Confederates called it) marked the bloodiest single day in American military history.

Federal general George McClellan had a huge advantage in numbers, and he had found Lee's lost order that showed the Confederate forces dangerously divided. But McClellan hesitated—President Lincoln moaned that his commander had “a case of the slows”—and lost his chance to destroy the enemy. However, the battle, which ended in a draw, did give the president sufficient confidence to issue the Emancipation Proclamation.

During the summer of 1864, western Maryland witnessed the Battle of Monocacy. Lee had failed at Gettysburg the previous summer, had retreated south before Grant's relentless assault the following spring, and was in serious straits in the trenches surrounding Petersburg. Hoping to relieve the pressure, Lee sent a force under Gen. Jubal Early on a westward movement to attack Washington by surprise.

But Early delayed. Confronted at Monocacy by federal forces under the command of Gen. Lew Wallace (later to become famous as the author of *Ben Hur*) he fought an unnecessary battle; the capital was reinforced and saved.

Such matters and many more are presented with considerable skill in *Maryland in the Civil War*. This volume, the authors explain, is “the direct result of an exhibition at the Maryland Historical Society.” With its crisp prose conveying a wealth of well-organized material, this book is both accessible to the general reader and informative to the Civil War buff.

The Civil War, the authors explain, was “the first major conflict in our history to be preserved by means of the camera. . . . For the first time, Americans could see the awful image of war.” A variety of photographs enhance this volume, and the authors have also reproduced posters and broadsides, cartoons and caricatures, sheet music and engravings and lithographs. Visually, this is a most appealing volume that complements quite well Harold A. Manakee's earlier *Maryland in the Civil War* (Maryland Historical Society, 1961; now out of print), which offers more text and fewer illustrations.

Primarily chronological in structure, the present study offers biographical sketches as well as essays about such salient matters as slavery, the role of African-American troops, and the harsh life of the prisoners. The infamous Point Lookout prison in southern Maryland became a monument to man's inhumanity to man. The men resorted to eating rats; more than three thousand Confederates died.

For me, the volume's final chapter, fittingly entitled “Remembrance,” proves its most evocative, especially in this season when a new Maryland monument, with a theme of reconciliation, is being dedicated at Gettysburg. Some people forgave; others remained embittered by the horrors of the war. Some tried to forget; the more reflective struggled for the rest of their lives to remember and pass on what they had learned.

Appropriately, *Maryland in the Civil War* ends with talk of memorials. In the volume's final sentence, the authors remark with commendable irony that Baltimore's only Union memorial, constructed in 1909 at the Mount Royal Avenue entrance to Druid Hill Park, “was later moved to facilitate construction of an expressway.”

On the other hand, expressways and automobiles and our sometimes brave new world of the twentieth century seem far away indeed from the monument to Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson in Baltimore's Wyman Park. Mounted on Traveler and Little Sorrel, symbolically facing north toward the enemy, the generals confer on the eve of Chancellorsville. Each was as fine a soldier as America has produced, and maybe ever will produce. As Ernest B. Ferguson has written, this was a war "whose very fact forever touches the American soul." And it is by such figures that, however humbling the experience, we measure what we are.

Just as the Civil War divided Maryland during the nineteenth century, we remain divided today not only in our differing interpretations of the past but also in the value that we place upon it. Resonant like all good works of art, the Lee-Jackson statue tacitly suggests a belief that many Northerners would reject but with which few good Southerners would disagree—that where we are going depends, in large part, upon where we have been.

VINCENT FITZPATRICK

*Enoch Pratt Free Library*

*Maryland's Oyster Navy, The First Fifty Years.* By Norman H. Plummer. (Chestertown, Maryland: Literary House Press of Washington College, 1993. Pp. vii, 105. Appendix, notes, index. \$19.95.)

The Oyster Wars of Chesapeake Bay constitute one of the most romantic and violent sagas of Maryland maritime history. From the 1830s until the 1950s violence flared on the bay as men sought both to harvest and loot Chesapeake oysters. Now that the bay has entered serious environmental decline, it is perhaps fitting that we reexamine this period when the "Almighty Oyster" ruled supreme, and millions of bushels of the tasty bivalve fueled an expansive maritime economy in Maryland and Virginia.

Norman H. Plummer, an attorney turned maritime historian, has written an intriguing institutional history of the first fifty years of the Maryland Oyster Navy. His book chronicles the navy, its men, and its vessels and documents both the successes and failures of this flotilla in the years prior to World War I. Although laws regulating the harvesting of oysters in Maryland waters were on the statute books as early as 1830, it was not until the Civil War era when railroads and steam canning opened a vast popular market that enforcement of oyster harvesting laws became problematic. By the 1880s there were more than six thousand oyster boats involved in a mad scramble to harvest oysters, and men paid little heed to legal authorities when profits were quick and easy.

The Maryland Oyster Navy began in 1867. Its task was to catch violators of the state oyster law, an assignment that was always to prove highly problematic. At first the Oyster Navy seemed capable of fulfilling its mission. Partisan politics, however, quickly made the flotilla a creature of political patronage, and the Oyster Navy became an adjunct of the state Democratic Party. Competition for jobs in the flotilla was fierce because "the yearly pay was relatively good compared to the oysterman's

income" (p. 17). Another problem was that the oyster police came from the same Chesapeake communities as the outlaws they had to apprehend, and sometimes the police found this distasteful.

Interestingly, the early commanders of the Oyster Navy were veterans of the Confederate navy. One commander, James I. Waddell, was a Confederate naval hero who commanded the *Shenandoah*, which sank so many Union vessels in the last days of the conflict. Although the Oyster Navy had its share of naval heroes like Capt. Thomas Howard, who defeated a nasty gang of oyster pirates in the 1880s, its accomplishments were modest. "The effectiveness of the force before 1920 cannot be clearly defined" (p. 53).

It should be mentioned, though, that the Maryland Oyster Navy was one of the first police forces in America dedicated to managing and conserving maritime natural resources. Most of its sailors and officers were brave, hard working men who were often hamstrung by state and local politics in their efforts to police the bay. Their history was carved by bullets; and none can gainsay that.

On the whole, Plummer has written a highly readable and well researched history of the Oyster Navy. Students of maritime history will be especially interested in his ample documentation of the history of the schooners, steamers, and boats used by the Oyster Navy during this fifty year period.

*Maryland's Oyster Navy* is an invitation to explore and savor the rich maritime history of the nineteenth- and twentieth-century Chesapeake.

JOHN R. WENNERSTEN

*University of Maryland, Eastern Shore*

*Wishing on the Moon: The Life and Times of Billie Holiday.* By Donald Clarke. (New York: Viking Penguin, 1994. Pp. xi, 459. Photographs, index. \$25.)

Eleanora Fagan was born poor and illegitimate in 1915, dropped out of grade school and became a part-time prostitute, then later a junkie, alcoholic, ex-convict and victim of abuse from a variety of lovers and husbands. Profane, bisexual, barely literate, and unable to read or write music, she died in 1959 at the age of forty-four from complications of cirrhosis of the liver. So why do we remember her?

Through a series of personal metamorphoses, including several name changes, Eleanora became "Billie Holiday" with the affectionate nickname "Lady Day," one of the world's most famous jazz singers, arguably the best since Louis Armstrong invented the idiom. Mr. Clarke, an American editor and writer living in London, attributes her enduring appeal to "grace . . . a theological concept . . . an unmerited favour of God, a divine inspiring influence. The point of it is that none of us merit it; and similarly, if Lady had no talent, we would never have heard of her, or if she had been a middle-class girl, she might have sung her songs to her ironing board and we wouldn't have heard of her then, either. Lady is an icon—not a triumph of marketing but a real icon, an image of something sacred, itself regarded as sacred—because she was granted Grace. Her art went to that place where things converge; she was sent to test us, and we mostly failed" (p. 457).

Theology aside, listeners—particularly musicians—responded to her timing, intonation, and diction, qualities of musical phrasing which have influenced generations of pop/jazz singers, including Frank Sinatra and Natalie Cole. Record producer John Hammond heard her in a Harlem night club in 1933 and wrote in his autobiography: “She was not a blues singer, but sang popular songs in a manner that made them completely her own. She had an uncanny ear, an excellent memory for lyrics, and she sang with an exquisite sense of phrasing. . . . Further, she was absolutely beautiful, with a look and a bearing that was indeed Lady-like, and never deserted her. . . . I decided that night that she was the best jazz singer I had ever heard” (p. 69).

Mr. Clarke quotes Hammond because he never saw Lady Day in live performance. As a fourteen-year-old in 1955, he heard her rendition of “I’ll Never Be the Same” recorded in 1937 with pianist Teddy Wilson and saxophonist Lester Young. That experience made him a lifelong fan and thus susceptible to the suggestion in 1990 that he write this biography. In his introduction, Clarke admits that he considered the task daunting. Holiday’s own autobiography, *Lady Sings the Blues*, compiled by ghost author William Dufty and published in 1956, was filled with inaccuracies and fantasies. No one knew much about her early life in Baltimore and Harlem.

Like others before him, Clarke turned to an unpublished archive of documents and dozens of taped interviews conducted by Linda Lipnack Kuehl, who died in 1973 before she could complete her own book. (The late Martin Williams, a music historian and critic who headed the Smithsonian’s jazz program and taught briefly at the Peabody Conservatory, steered Toby Byron to the Kuehl materials. Byron in turn produced a pictorial book with an essay by Robert O’Meally entitled *Lady Day: The Many Faces of Billie Holiday*, released in 1991 with a sixty-minute videotape with the same title. Clarke alludes to the owners of Kuehl’s materials and mildly complains that he saw only transcripts, but otherwise writes as if this previous effort did not exist.)

Clarke also confirms the fact that Billie Holiday was born out of wedlock in a Philadelphia hospital to eighteen-year-old Sara (Sadie) Harris (herself the illegitimate daughter of Charles Fagan), who had presumably fled her native Baltimore to escape the stigma of unwed, teenaged motherhood. Billie’s father, Clarence Holiday, a rhythm guitar player who later made a reputation with the Fletcher Henderson Band, was only sixteen. Billie would spend most of her first twelve years in East Baltimore with her mother, politely ignored by the Fagan family and only grudgingly acknowledged by the happy-go-lucky Holiday.

Only the first two chapters, about 8 percent of the book, are devoted to Billie Holiday’s early life in Maryland, the sketchiest part of her history and the weakest part of Clarke’s research. Black Baltimore during the first two decades of the twentieth century was alive with music and incubated the careers of numerous well-known artists, including Eubie Blake, Elmer Snowden, Blanche and Cab Calloway, Avon Long, Chick Webb and Ann Brown. Still confined to a few unpublished graduate theses, this rich period in the city’s musical life deserves its own book.

Once past the Baltimore period, Clarke writes with the knowledge a reader would expect from the editor and principal author of *The Penguin Encyclopedia of Popular Music*. He describes Holiday's rise as a singer in Harlem clubs, her first recording sessions in 1933, and the subsequent ebbs and flows of a twenty-five-year career as one of America's premiere jazz singers. Although not the last word, this book, first published in Great Britain, deserves its description in the London *Times* as "definitive." A chronology, discography, and bibliography would have made this effort more useful for future scholars, but Clarke's extensive, critical use of Kuehl's unexpurgated oral histories gives the book authority.

So why do we remember Lady Day? Marie Bryant, a singer and dancer who knew Billie and the entertainment business well, probably provided the best answer in one of those Kuehl interviews in 1971: "There are certain people who cannot take it. She couldn't take it. Marilyn Monroe couldn't take it—Joe Guy, John Simmons, Bumps Myers, Lester—my God, Lester; how Billie and I loved Lester . . . but he couldn't take it; he couldn't understand these people. . . . They couldn't play the game, couldn't make it on the terms of the world. They were pure: they were real people, and the rest of the world were not. I think they were unconscious of it. All they wanted to do was their thing, and God had given them this pure way of expressing themselves, but they'd be appalled, if they were here now, by the crassness. They did everything to get out of the crassness. Today they'd be gone even faster" (p. 203).

EARL ARNETT  
*Baltimore*

*Thirty-Five Years of Newspaper Work, A Memoir by H. L. Mencken.* Edited by Fred Hobson, Vincent Fitzpatrick and Bradford Jacobs. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1994. Pp. 390. Introduction, chronology, dramatis personae, appendices, notes, index. \$34.95.)

The Romans had three-horse chariots for their Derby, the Troika symbolized World War II, the Chicago Cubs of my youth had Tinker to Evers to Chance, the Orioles of my declining years have Cal Ripken to a couple of other guys. And Mencken has a very erudite trio, Fitzpatrick, Hobson, and Jacobs. H. L. Mencken, sometimes known as "The Sage of Baltimore" (in his youth as "Baltimore's Bad Boy") left an unopened, not to be published (until thirty-five years after his death) manuscript. Titled, "Thirty-Five Years of Newspaper Work," it is a history of his journalistic work that begins with his joining the Baltimore *Sun* in 1906, ceasing in 1941 when he considered his newspaper career to have ended. The unedited manuscript runs to almost 1,500 pages of typescript, some of it fascinating, some of it boring. Plodding through the whole megillah, one could only wonder how it could be edited into a readable book. And now the Erudite Trio, Fitzpatrick, Hobson, and Jacobs have attacked the manuscript, and, using not a scalpel but an ax, have come up with Mencken in all his glorious prose.



Gone are the boring accounts of the Sunpapers labor disputes. Gone are the long and tedious accounts of Sunpapers board meetings. Gone his involved discussions of the Mencken finances. Instead we have a glorious romp through American newspaper and political life during the period from 1906 to 1941. All of the movers and shakers of those years, political, newspaper, theater, and literary are present. The only omissions were the ladies HLM consorted with. Not only do we meet the Americans, but on his overseas jaunts to England and Germany we encounter literary cognocenti of those countries. Mencken was published in England (all of his *Prefaces*, *Predjudices*, *The American Language*, and other books); in Germany (*In Defense of Women*, *Notes on Democracy*, an abridged *American Language*,) as well as many newspaper and magazine articles and quotes. Also some books were published in Hungary, Denmark, France, and Sweden. So when he traveled, all doors were open, as well as all bars. His thoughts on some of the leading politicians and writers in those countries have will have the readers perk up. HLM constantly steps on feet of clay.

Preceding the truncated manuscript (and well it was), there is an introduction written jointly by the Erudite. This tells us what is to come and tries to delve into the thought and utterances that complicate HLM's musings. This introduction is in itself worth the price of the book. Then comes an excellent chronology that saves the readers fumbling through back pages to see what happened and when. The *Dramatis Personae* smell suspiciously like Jacobs. Reading these forewords make what is to come not only enjoyable but superbly enjoyable. Mencken's own preface to the manuscript is a joy unto itself. Mencken promises to "estimate men as they appear with a large allowance for prejudice, false judgment and every other sort of human fallibility." Harding, Bryan, and Roosevelt Minor are squirming in their tombs. He romps on, digressing frequently from his newspaper work to write of his outside pleasures and woes. For the first time in any of his writings (save for the diaries) he speaks of his life with Sara, with much emphasis on her illnesses. And his early revelries with "Fred Gottlieb, a rich brewer," make Prince Charles into a monk. And the Floristan Club is the kind most of us would like to join.

Reading the book, one finds Mencken's amaxing foresight: "American journalism of the next generation," he says, for example, "seems likely to face serious and maybe insuperable difficulties." This before TV, Internet, and litigation. The conventions of the political parties, one and all, are a joy to read. And valuable history of the methods of choosing the men to lead this great republic, and HLM's assessment of the leaders. Of particular joy to Mencken were the conventions of the Townsends, the Coughlinites, and the "whooping and hollering" of Gerald L. K. Smith, described as "the loudest, gaudiest mob orator." Again, all pure Mencken. And on and on he goes. The planning of the defense of the "infidel Scopes" at 1524 Hollins Street, and the resultant trial in Dayton, Tennessee. The the unpleasantness between the Sunpapers and the Catholic Church, with the Archbishop "dissolved in purple indignation." His coverage of the 1930 London Naval Conference, his taking on the Watch and Ward Society in the Hatrack case, the Bank Holiday, the Depression are all covered.

But there are two of his reminiscences that are little known, and now heard in his own words. The Gridiron Club Dinner, where Mencken, taking the part of the Loyal Opposition, was embarrassed and enraged by FDR. For the first time in any of his writings HLM tells his side of the story.

Was Mencken a racist? Was Mencken an anti-Semite? Certainly he used words and expressions to denote color and religion that today would not be allowed in any society or in print. But, those were the words and descriptions used in the era in which he wrote. And they were widely used by minority members to describe their own to whom they felt superior. As to being a racist, that is easily disposed of. Mencken published and encouraged black authors and journalists when it was almost impossible for them to be published. And his articles on the Maryland lynchings were a courageous piece of writing in the Maryland of that time. He was not a racist. It is more difficult to determine whether he was an anti-Semite. Yes, his "best friends" were Jews. Yes, he condemns Jews as a group—here and in other writings. But, his column that calls on FDR to admit German Jews, and his personal involvement in trying to get individual refugees admitted to the U.S. casts doubts on anti-Semitism. Studying this complicated and talented gentleman, the term "elitist" seems to apply. Mencken had nasty things to say about many groups—Methodists, Baptists, Christian Scientists, lintheads, and even "loutish German peasants" (Dreiser). So let us say that he found virtue in individuals from all groups, while disliking groups as a whole. Tolerant of human foibles he was not.

*Thirty-Five Years of Newspaper Work* is a book not only worth reading, but one to be owned and read again and again. There are no more Mencken manuscripts to be opened. There are no writers left to write with the verve and freedom of Mencken, no more writers with his pungent wit and earthy descriptions. And no one to recount the teens, twenties and thirties as Mencken did. Own it, read it, and reread it; it grows on you. *Thirty-Five Years* is Mencken, pure Mencken at his best, no holds barred. And, finally, the last paragraph in the acknowledgments is a gem, a Fitzpatrick gem.

ARTHUR J. GUTMAN  
Baltimore

*Opera on the Road: Traveling Opera Troupes in the United States, 1825–60.* By Katherine K. Preston. (Music in American Life series. Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1993. Pp. xvii, 479. Appendix, notes, bibliography, index. \$39.95.)

Between 1825 and 1860, opera was important to Americans in a way now difficult for us to fathom. Its popularity, and the variety of forms in which it appeared, is proof, Preston asserts in this meticulous and data-packed survey, that Americans of the time did not consider opera an elitist pastime. During this period it has been estimated that nearly half of all theatrical offerings in the United States were musical in nature.

In fact, American antebellum theater was a democratizing institution. Although the cost of tickets for each of the three separate sections (boxes, the pit, and gallery)

was different and sometimes even required a separate entrance, all segments of the population regularly attended the theater. In the St. Charles Theatre of New Orleans, for example, one entire section of the gallery was reserved for free blacks and another for slaves. In the North, some theaters featured "coloured galleries," while in others blacks shared the area with poor whites.

Preston identifies two important and interrelated aspects of the American musical theater during the antebellum period. First, Americans continued to depend on the stylized theatrical culture and repertory of Great Britain, a dependence that persisted until the late 1840s; and second, British *and* Continental stars such as Adelina Patti, Teresa Parodi and Giulia Grisi performing the "real thing" in its original language, came increasingly to dominate American theatrical culture. Originally, American theaters operated as cultural outposts of London, importing everything but the buildings which housed the performances. Foreign-language operas were translated and adapted for Anglo-Saxon tastes. Recitative was converted to dialogue, the more difficult ensemble numbers were eliminated, and many of the complex arias were turned into strophic songs.

But by the 1830s Americans began to develop a taste for the foreign-language opera of Rossini and Mozart. Italian arias became especially popular, and even military bands offered overtures and "operatic arrangements" as part of their standard fare. Countless reworked versions of operatic music in the form of quadrilles, quick steps, waltzes and other dances were published as sheet music.

Warren's Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore is mentioned often in this book but usually as only one of many theaters in cities where a particular troupe performed. Because Baltimore in the mid-1850s did not figure quite as prominently on the troupe itineraries as Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, opera-lovers in that city are noted as reaching an even higher pitch of excitement for visiting troupes than enthusiasts in the Northern cities. An unnamed correspondent for the *Boston Musical Times*, reporting on a performance of the legendary singer Adelina Patti in April 1860, wrote, "The success of the Opera at the Holliday St., Baltimore, was a glorious triumph. Nothing was talked of but 'Patti,'; 'Patti hats,' 'Patti segars,' while one enthusiastic restaurant-keeper advertised 'Oyster-Pattis'" (p. 306).

By the mid-1850s egalitarian Americans were beginning to resent Old World aristocratic snobbery, and the popularity of Italian opera, with the well-publicized spats and foibles of its stars, began to wane. The increased demand for English-language opera in this country coincided with a revival of English opera in Great Britain, which was primarily the work of Louise Pyne and William Harrison. During the 1850s the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company was the most successful English troupe to perform in North America.

The troupe's musical director, New Yorker Anthony Reilly, kept a diary (his manuscript is now in the possession of the College of William and Mary, where author Katherine Preston teaches). It affords fascinating glimpses of the vast frontier that separated the metropolitan pockets where the opera singers performed. Leaving what was then Wheeling, Virginia, en route to Baltimore on the cars in early April, 1856, the diarist observed the scenery as "wild and rude in the extreme," and

"rude cabins" appeared "in all sorts of extraordinary places—on the steep sides of a hill, on the banks of streams—or in a hollow—the very children belonging to these Cabins seem to partake of the wildness of their Houses—and no wonder for they are completely shut out from the world." After leaving Cumberland, however, and following the Potomac River eastward, the surroundings became for Reilly less alien: "The face of the Country is large hills . . . frequently farms—looks more eastern—no Cabins" (pp. 296–97).

Preston's four appendices (of troupe itineraries and personnel) and pages of notes easily compose one-third of the book's length, indicative of the author's passion for detail. Although her approach is interdisciplinary, combining antebellum American studies with musical and theater history, this book will appeal most to readers who already have some knowledge of these fields. Nonetheless, for those readers this book is bound to provide a real treat with its wealth of antebellum cultural and historical tidbits unavailable elsewhere.

JACK SHREVE

*Allegany Community College*

*Gospel of Disunion: Religion and Separatism in the Antebellum South.* By Mitchell Snay. (Cambridge University Press, 1993. Pp. xi, 218. Bibliography, index. \$49.95.)

In describing the purpose of his work Mitchell Snay states that it "is an attempt to explore the relationship between religion and the origins of Southern separatism. It examines the ways in which religion adapted to and shaped the development of a distinctive Southern culture and politics before the Civil War . . ." (p. 5). Snay's thesis is that Southern Christianity "played an important role in the shaping of antebellum Southern separatism," for "it reinforced important elements in Southern political culture, invested sectional politics with a charged religious significance, and contributed to a moral consensus that made secession possible" (p. 218). Snay concedes that "it was the secular ideology of the American Revolution that really sparked the growth of antislavery sentiment in the late eighteenth-century South" (p. 16) but maintains that "evangelicalism was an equally potent source of antislavery sentiment" (p. 22). The belief that religion was so influential rests on the assumption that in the early nineteenth century, "evangelical Protestantism came to dominate the religious life of most Southerners," and "repentance of sin and conversion to a career of holiness . . . gave order and meaning to the lives of all but a few Southern men and women, black as well as white" (p. 3).

*Gospel of Disunion* originated as a doctoral dissertation and is accompanied by a lengthy bibliography, but the evidence to support his arguments is derived primarily from a small group of Southern ministers. According to Snay, "the ministers most actively engaged with the sectional controversy over slavery" were those described a few years ago by Brooks Holifield as "Gentlemen Theologians" (p. 7). Those ministers, who preached sermons and wrote articles on the subject of slavery, "shared common characteristics," of which an "urban orientation" was "one of the

most important" (p. 100). Snay's study "relies heavily on the published writings" (p. 7) of those clergymen.

In those writings Snay finds evidence that their two major objectives were "to establish the righteousness of slavery and destroy the credibility of abolitionism" (p. 54). It was not by choice that the ministers entered the conflict, for Southern religion was, in their view, "wrongly pushed . . . into the political realm" (p. 10) by the rise of abolitionism which "began in the 1830s as a religious movement based on the premise that slavery was a sin. It was in response to this attack on the rectitude of slavery that the Southern clerical defense of slavery and criticism of abolitionism were initially framed" (p. 13). By investing the political conflict "with profound religious significance," the preachers helped to "create a culture that made secession possible" (p. 15).

Whether religion plays a causative role in history or merely reflects its course is a never-ending question. The thesis advanced in *Gospel of Disunion* assigns it a qualified causative function—it "helped" create a separate culture. There are several problems with the work which in a short review can only be listed. First, the preachers who rode the circuits and held the small settled pastorates in the antebellum South would be astounded by the assertion that evangelicalism "gave order and meaning to the lives of all but a few Southern men and women, black as well as white" (p. 3). The rapidly growing population expanded geographically beyond the ability of the churches to keep pace. Further, eighteenth-century evangelicalism was not antislavery. George Whitefield, probably the best-known of the preachers, was a slaveowner who tried to get the trustees of Georgia to allow him to buy slaves to work on the orphanage that he constructed at Savannah. As David Brion Davis and others have observed, Christians developed antislavery sentiments only when they were criticized by Enlightenment philosophers. Even then, they were not abolitionists. In *Gospel of Disunion* the two terms are used interchangeably.

Snay correctly says that "the first denomination in the South to take up missionary work among the slaves were the Methodists," but it was not, as he maintains, "in 1829, [when] William Capers of Charleston helped form the Methodist Missionary Society for the low country of South Carolina" (p. 90). That was about a half-century after the work actually began. From 1790 to the 1820s Methodists reported that about 20 percent of their total membership was black. By 1823, according to the Minutes, that amounted to nearly 45,000. To make a convincing case for his thesis, Snay would have to explain how Southerners handled the question of the Christian duty of submission to civil authority. Did a Southern Christian owe allegiance to the national or his state government? *Gospel of Disunion* raises some important and interesting questions which need further study. It should be in any library that seeks to be comprehensive in its religious holdings.

RAYMOND COWAN

*DeKalb College*

*The North Fights the Civil War: The Home Front.* By J. Matthew Gallman. American Way Series. (Chicago: Ivan R. Dee, 1994. Pp. xi, 212. Note on sources, index. \$22.50.)

*Women in the Civil War.* By Mary Elizabeth Massey. (Bison Books. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1994. Pp. xxix, 371, xiii. Introduction by Jean V. Berlin; original introduction by Allan Nevins. Illustrations, footnotes, index. \$14.95 paper.)

"Significant social changes have a way of taking place while people are looking the other way." So wrote Anne Firor Scott in *The Southern Lady: From Pedestal to Politics, 1830-1930* (Chicago, 1970, p. 106) as she began the chapter that followed her study of women and the Civil War. In *The North Fights the Civil War*, J. Matthew Gallman examines that premise. In his retrospective look at how that war—long seen as a watershed in the shaping of our nation—actually affected the United States, Gallman concludes that less changed than has been thought. Nevertheless, his final sentence seems to concede Scott's point: "In the decades following the Civil War the world [the Union soldiers] had fought to preserve had evolved into a very different place" (p. 197). On this issue Mary Elizabeth Massey does not equivocate; for American women, she asserts, the war was "a springboard from which they leaped beyond the circumscribed 'women's sphere' into that heretofore reserved for men" (p. 367).

Massey's book is a reissue of a work earlier published under the title *Bonnet Brigades* (Knopf, 1966). The difference between that coy title and the no-nonsense *Women in the Civil War* represents another kind of social change—the shift from a trivializing of women's role to a serious examination of their contributions. This change has occurred over the last twenty-five years, since women's studies has emerged as an academic discipline. Massey's book preceded that first beginning by only two or three years.

Yet the book's reissue in this new intellectual climate raises the questions: why now? and was the enterprise worthwhile? As to the first—the notable popularity of Ken Burns' television series has heralded a renewed interest in that great conflict. When Massey herself wrote, a centennial Civil War retrospective was underway as the large number of then recently-published sources that her book cites makes clear. Many of these were first-time printings of original manuscripts from family and archival collections.

As to the second question—is the work still timely, still worth reading?—the answer is an enthusiastic yes. That is not to deny that it lacks the kind of feminist analysis her study would command today. For example, such terms as *gender*, in examining the social constructions of male and female, and *sexual harassment* did not then exist. Yet she is aware of the constricting force of nineteenth-century gender roles, as her many examples make clear; and she shows the kinds of harassment, sexual and otherwise, that were endured by women newly entering the work force during the war—some in industry, many as clerks in the rapidly growing federal civil service or its counterpart in Richmond.

In acknowledgment of a slight datedness to Massey's perspective, Jean V. Berlin has written a thoughtful introduction. Its most cogent sections point out the work's errors of omission: its class bias, inasmuch as Massey's reliance on personal written accounts necessarily limits her to the consciousness and experiences of those with the education and resources to commit their thoughts to writing; its sketchy reporting on slave and free black women. That she included material on blacks at all is a tribute to the author's awareness, however, for when she wrote, the civil rights movement was in its infancy and black studies not yet developed. Berlin's comment that since the original publication "no other historian has been brave enough or rash enough to take on the job" of writing a new history of women and the Civil War and her assessment that Massey's research is "impressive and even daunting" (p. xiii), represent the best justifications for this new edition.

Indeed the work is rich in particularities, which Massey then shapes into larger themes. Her individual data, or stories, come from a massive collection of primary documents, which she footnotes carefully—letters, diaries, eye-witness accounts, contemporary newspaper and magazine articles—as well as from histories of the conflict written by her predecessors. She seems to have read everything produced by and about women in the nineteenth century that was then available. Among the themes she pursues are women as advocates and propagandists, as nurses with the army, as camp followers and prostitutes, as spies and messengers. A major shift occurred when the dearth of men in civilian life forced the hiring of women as teachers, a role they would never thereafter abandon. Massey deals at length with the impact of economic dislocations that forced women to improvise in meeting their families' needs for food, clothing, and shelter. In the South many survived as refugees. Women in both regions took on extensive farming chores. Many Northerners formed organizations to assist or teach the freedmen. The complexity of issues in this time of social change seems staggering, and Massey provides a dense and impressive tapestry.

Gallman's book has quite another texture; in comparison, his chapters seem slight. Yet they are not therefore unpersuasive. Rather than the minutiae upon which Massey has built her work, Gallman provides a distillation of years of reading in earlier histories and analyses. These he describes and assesses in a five-page essay at the book's end.

His work is eminently readable, his argument a challenge to received opinion on the war's impact. As he explains in his preface, his work was formed around four basic questions: How much was the war "a catalyst for change?" (p. x). How did homelife evolve as the war dragged on? Did the positions of previously unempowered groups—women, blacks, immigrants—change through their participation in the war effort? How different were Northern and Southern experiences of the war? Although Gallman focuses upon the North, he provides frequent comparisons with Southern experience.

Gallman's interest in process—in change and evolution—gives the book vitality, since a chronological thrust becomes its organizing principle. In this it differs from Massey's work, which is structured topically. When Gallman teases out specific areas

of social organization to examine, his focus is on their evolution. Thus, in the title of each chapter of the book's second section, the operative word is "adjustments"—military and political, manpower, emotional and intellectual, economic, patriotic, and racial. He shows Northern society approaching the war through traditionally local and voluntaristic ways; but as time goes on, war needs require the wide expansion of federal powers. Among these was the early suspension of habeas corpus, which held particularly emotional meaning for Baltimoreans when their municipal leadership went to prison. (Gallman does not refer to the role of Maryland's Anna Ella Carroll, as had Massey, as a commentator on habeas corpus.) Other federal initiatives were the establishment of a military draft, the imposition of an income tax, and the pension system.

Not generated by the war but nevertheless passed in the absence of Southern Democrats were the Homestead Act, the Morrill Land Grant College Act, and bills supporting the transcontinental railroad—all to have major impacts on the postwar culture of America. Gallman argues that the shared experience of war, cultivated through press coverage and the ubiquitous photographs from the war front, helped to forge a national consciousness, such that by war's end the United States had become a singular—no longer a plural—noun.

Gallman sees women, except for those who moved into teaching, nursing, and clerking, primarily settling back into their prewar roles. Even "in managing businesses, running farms, and providing for families" in the absence of their menfolk, Gallman sees women as behaving in ways similar to antebellum widows (p. 198). And Berlin, in her introduction, acknowledges Massey's lack of interest in the women whose lives remained the same. Yet a strong political consciousness and wartime practice in forming protest groups and institutions for social change affected what Gallman calls "a crucial group" (p. 190) who were to lead the later women's movements.

More significant, it seems to me, was the psychological impact on the masses of women who were forced to become independent in the absence of men. If their roles were similar to those of prewar widows, as Gallman rather dismissively claims, their sheer numbers must have caused a shift in female consciousness. In the South, Scott tells us, "The war had created a generation of women without men" (p. 106). In both North and South, tens of thousands of ordinary women were forced to cope alone, sharing the profoundly handicapping experience of lack of education. To their numbers were added other thousands who were left behind to manage, sometimes for years, by men moving west in the gold rush and homestead movements, and who confronted discriminatory laws that prohibited their dealing with pressing business affairs. While we have all been looking the other way, perhaps this vast group of struggling homemakers were the true catalysts for change. Surely it is no accident that the daughters of these women flocked to colleges in the 1870s and that women closed ranks behind the movement to seek the right to vote.

VIRGINIA WALCOTT BEAUCHAMP

*Greenbelt*



*A Surgeon's Civil War: The Letters & Diary of Daniel M. Holt, M.D.* Edited by James M. Greiner, Janet L. Coryell, and James R. Smither. (Kent, Ohio: Kent State University Press, 1994. Pp. 289. Appendix, notes, index. \$28.)

The Civil War remains very much with us, thanks in part to old movies and new, the PBS *Civil War* series, and some very good books, of which this is one. The awfulness of it all appalls us, yet fascinates. Even then, as now, the slaughter of young men on both sides seemed so unnecessary and nonsensical. And yet? The big objective—preservation of the Union—may have been worth it. Of course, along the way slavery was abolished, but that would have happened inevitably, war or not.

The fascination of this book is in the portrayal of the details of a microcosm (the 121st New York Infantry), which in many ways reflected the whole. In letters to his wife almost biweekly from the fall of 1862 through the next two years, Dr. Daniel M. Holt, an intelligent and articulate physician, opened his mind to her, and now, through the perceptive editors, to us. It is noteworthy that he, as well as many others of his time, understood the senselessness of it all.

Like physicians today, he said little to his wife about individual patients, yet a picture emerges of the medical aspects of his task. In those pre-antibiotic days there was little that could be done about infections, which were rife in non-battle periods as well as among the thousands of wounded. Ether and chloroform were in use, when available, for operations, and morphine and its derivatives for the relief of pain. Serious dehydration and poor nourishment were recognized and corrected when possible, but blood transfusions were not used. Severe infections among the wounded were prevented largely by amputations when that was possible.

But the magnitude of it all was almost overwhelming. Shortly after the Battle of Antietam in September 1862, Holt wrote that "Every house, for miles around, is a hospital and I have seen arms, legs, feet and hands lying in piles rotting in the blazing heat of a Southern sky unburied and uncared for, and still the knife went steadily in its work adding to the putrid mess" (p. 28). Again, "Yesterday and to-day, I have passed pretty much over the whole field of battle. None but Confederates were left upon the ground—our dead and wounded having been carried off during the evening and night of the conflict" (p. 21).

Holt, a small-town practicing physician, volunteered as a medical officer of the 121st New York Regiment. He was then in his early forties. "It is indeed a strange and awful transition and I can scarcely realize it," he wrote, "To be thus transferred from scenes of quiet where the effects of war are not perceptible to these fields of slaughter and to become participants in the deadly contest is something which never, in the most extravagant flights of fancy can extend into my head. But this only shows how utterly oblivious the future lies before us" (p. 21).

Stationed first in Frederick County, Maryland, and later in Virginia, Holt had nice things to say about Maryland, even though its climate seemed to run to extremes. In early September 1862, he wrote, "It was something new to me to see men fall as if shot and die almost as quickly, from sunstroke" (p. 12). Late that month he wrote, "The nights are excessively cold here—frost for the last two nights" (p. 29). But then

he remarks, "This part of Maryland is best of any over which we have passed . . . its range of mountains, pleasant vales and pure streams remind me of home; and were it not for the baneful curse of slavery which alike has polluted the Southern soil, I could make and enjoy a home here." (pp. 30–31).

Later his regiment moved into Virginia, and in the spring of 1863 he participated in the fighting around Chancellorsville. There are descriptions of the medical care of soldiers both in makeshift hospitals and in the field. Of the 453 men in the 121st Regiment, 276 died or were wounded in the Battle of Salem Church (there were over 10,000 Confederate and 8,000 Union casualties).

At one point Holt was captured by the Confederates, but to his amazement was treated well by his captors. "Here General Lee came to see me. Four times did this great man call and feelingly inquire if the men were receiving all the care that could be bestowed" (p. 96). He wrote, "*I worked and staggered on until it seemed as if I could not drag one foot before another; and while bending over the bodies of our boys dressing their wounds, my eyes in spite of me, would close, and I have found myself fast asleep over a dying man. Had not General Wilcox (Confederate) kindly supplied me food from his own table, and made me a guest rather than a prisoner*" (p. 96), he felt he would have needed treatment himself. "I must in justice say for an enemy, that I was never treated with greater consideration by intelligent men . . ." (p. 96). Later he wrote, "I have good news to tell you. My horse, saddle, and *everything* captured by the rebels . . . were returned by flag of truce within four days from the time I addressed General Lee on the subject" (pp. 114–15).

There is much more, of course, of great interest: internal regimental rivalries, prices of food in Maryland and Virginia (officers apparently had to supply their own meals), notes about general strategy, and casualty figures for both Union and Confederate troops. Dr. Holt seemed to comprehend the big picture. He wrote to his wife in May 1863, "This is a terrific war! A war where brother meets brother—father a son, and son a neighbor—I see no speedy termination . . . [until] the heavens are hung in black . . ." (p. 101). Again, "The North, although wide awake, is not thoroughly aroused to its perilous condition" (p. 114).

This review will end with some of Holt's comments about Maryland in July 1863. "After crossing into Maryland . . . our fare has greatly improved. . . and with increase of good things come also, what is much better—loyalty of the people. . . the enthusiasm of the inhabitants knows no bounds . . . in striking contrast with the . . . dejected hopeless faces of those we left behind. . . While both [Virginia and Maryland] have been, and still are, to a great extent, under slave control, still Maryland taking a rational view of the question at issue, and by the prompt interference of the government to prevent its falling into the cauldron of secession, is comparatively a free and happy state. Blessed by nature in the productiveness of her soil—blessed in her institutions which are mild and human, compared with her sister slave states, . . . she stands forth a pattern of warm-hearted generosity." (p. 117).

Holt, after two years of very active service, was honorably discharged because of ill health in October 1864. (He died of service-incurred tuberculosis four years later.) The editors have added many informative footnotes, and there are a number

of maps and useful photographs. Either in whole or in parts, this book will be found most interesting and instructive.

THOMAS B. TURNER, M.D.

*The Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine*

*Defending the Faith: J. Gresham Machen and the Crisis of Conservative Protestantism in Modern America.* By D. G. Hart. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1994. Pp. x, 227. Notes, index. \$35.)

John Gresham Machen (1881–1937) grew up in an established Baltimore family. His father, Arthur Machen, was a prominent attorney. His mother, Mary Gresham, was the daughter of influential Macon, Georgia, parents. The family lived in the affluent Mt. Vernon neighborhood of Baltimore. Young Machen attended Marston's University School and Johns Hopkins University, studied theology at Princeton, Marburg, and Göttingen, and taught at Princeton Seminary from 1906 to 1929, when he resigned to organize Westminster Seminary in Philadelphia. While Machen spent his youth in Baltimore, he lived most of his adult life in either Princeton or Philadelphia. His impact upon city or state history was minimal.

Still, the values of old Baltimore and the South did much to shape Machen's life. He was a gentleman of the old school. He voted Democratic all of his adult life, even for Al Smith in 1928. He opposed Prohibition as a governmental imposition upon individual rights. He supported racial segregation, opposing the admission of African-American candidates to Princeton Seminary. He acquired his father's love for the classics in literature, enjoying a life of the mind. He acquired from his mother his Presbyterian faith, built upon a firm belief in the Westminster Confession. Machen maintained close ties with his mother, particularly after his father's death, as might be expected of a bachelor son.

One would not expect a gentleman of the old school to be a prominent Protestant fundamentalist of the 1920s. Fundamentalists were known more for their emotional style and prohibitionist tendencies than for their intellectual acumen. But in 1923 Machen published *Christianity and Liberalism*, a theological critique of modern Protestantism. The book made him the leading respectable spokesperson for the conservative view of Protestant Christianity and fundamentalism.

Protestant Christianity was deeply split in the 1920s. The split resulted from earlier critical study of the Bible by scholars, Darwin's theory of evolution, and archeological findings challenging literal interpretations of Genesis. Modernist or liberal theologians began to see the Bible as the work of inspired men, not God. Increasingly they saw faith as a personal experience and Scripture as a guide instead of absolute authority.

To more traditional Protestants, whose Reformation foundations were based upon biblical authority, these challenges bordered on heresy. They stressed the fundamentals of the faith: biblical inerrancy, virgin birth, and atonement. Over time, positions hardened. The controversies among Protestants probably climaxed

in the popular mind with the Scopes trial of 1924, but for pious folk of both liberal and conservative persuasion, the conflict continued even to the present day.

Machen's role as an intellectual spokesperson for conservative Protestant thought had its roots in the Westminster Confession more than in popular fundamentalism. In Germany he had studied biblical criticism. He never challenged Darwinian theory. Instead, Machen focused on the New Testament, examining historically the life of Christ and the Apostle Paul.

Because Machen accepted the authority of the New Testament, he felt obligated to challenge the errors of modern Protestants in his writings. But Machen went further. If he was right, then liberals were wrong. Their claim to being Christians was heresy. In effect, for Machen there was room for but one interpretation of the faith.

Within Machen's Northern Presbyterian denomination, liberals and conservatives clashed, but moderates prevailed to preserve the peace and unity of the church. Machen could not accept the subordination of doctrine, fought on behalf of conservatism, lost, and resigned his position at Princeton to establish the conservative Westminster Seminary in Philadelphia.

Machen's conservative theology served Westminster well but not other fundamentalists, who tended to their own interpretations. Machen founded the Orthodox Presbyterian Church, but it remained marginal to Protestant Christian thought. Meanwhile, Machen's struggles, both theological and personal, with colleagues at Princeton, in the presbytery of New Brunswick, N. J., and across Protestantism, took their toll. On a speaking tour on behalf of Orthodox Presbyterianism across North Dakota in the winter of 1936, he became sick and died.

Machen's greatest contribution was to point out the limitations of liberal Protestantism in the 1920s. His unlikely allies included H. L. Mencken and Walter Lippmann. Machen won converts to his critique but not to his beliefs, which raises the question of his historical importance.

For D. G. Hart, head librarian and associate professor of church history at Westminster Seminary, an intellectual biography of his institution's founder makes good sense. The book is well written. Hart is sympathetic to his protagonist and yet recognizes his limitations. The scholarship is solid, though the author might have given a fuller presentation of the liberal position. Machen achieved prominence briefly in the relatively narrow field of religious thought in the 1920s. Hart's competent biography may add to his historical significance.

JAMES B. CROOKS  
*University of North Florida*

*The Fable of the Southern Writer.* By Lewis P. Simpson. (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1994. Pp. xviii, 249. Index. \$24.95.)

Written over the past decade and a half and in the tradition of his earlier *Mind and the American Civil War* (1989), these eleven essays by Lewis P. Simpson, emeritus professor of English literature at Louisiana State University and former editor of the *Southern Review*, suggest that southern writers, as writers everywhere, live in the

grip of alienation caused by an accumulated burden of history from which the self can no longer shake free. A meditation rather than an argument, Simpson's thought-provoking observations guide readers to their own conclusions about what it means in the modern world to be a writer in the American South.

The first selection (which Simpson calls a prologue because its subject is not a literary figure) concerns that legendary leader of lost causes, the eccentric and unhappy John Randolph. Champion of states' rights against expanding federal powers, he led the opposition to the Missouri Compromise and earned the bitter enmity of Henry Clay. In Simpson's view, his ever-deepening despair is linked to the "education in self-failure" that in America inescapably accompanies the intense identification of self and history.

In his first essay, Simpson speculates about the absence in southern writing of autobiographical writing like *Walden* or *The Education of Henry Adams*. He cites Allan Tate's attempt to write an autobiographical novel that was abandoned precisely as his characters went west from Virginia and got involved in the spiritual chaos of modern capitalism. For Tate, abandoning the land implied the "democratic" dilution of the Tidewater Anglo-Saxon strain by the blood of the Scots-Irish pioneers. Once Tate allowed the mixing of bloodlines to become a theme in his story, writes Simpson, he opened it up to the most sensitive issue in southern culture—that of intermarriage between white and black, and with this he could not deal. A century before Tate's failure both Jefferson and Madison had also avoided writing autobiography, which Simpson attributes as well to their embarrassment over slavery and race. The sixth essay continues to focus on Tate, highlighting the dimensions of his critical theory.

Just as Faulkner took as his subject the history of the Deep South, his older contemporary Elizabeth Madox Roberts took as her subject the history of the border state of Kentucky, which she envisioned "as the result of the modern mind's transference of a wilderness into itself" (p. 57). Minimizing the spirit of hope that, at least in the days when she was still being read, many found in her fiction, Simpson describes instead in his third essay her struggle with history. The novels of Roberts, concludes Simpson, turn on the sense of what intervenes between the self of the modern artist and our terrible modern intimacy with history that has made illusions of our realities.

His fourth and fifth essays pick up on the Faulkner character from the epilogue of his previous book, entitled, "Why Quentin Compson Went to Harvard." According to Simpson, Quentin (from *Absalom, Absalom!* and *The Sound and the Fury*) incarnates more powerfully than any other character in Southern fiction the drama of the ironic equivocation of the Southern literary mind seeking to discover its identity in memory. The second essay shows how Faulkner, like Thomas Hardy in Wessex, embodied in the remote microcosm of his birth the almost complete displacement of a society of myth and tradition by a new and peculiar society of historical self-consciousness and science.

In the seventh essay he probes the academic career of Robert Penn Warren, who left Louisiana in 1942 for Minnesota and never again lived in the South despite his

preoccupation with it, and offers Warren's case as the epitome of a Southern, now universal, phenomenon termed "the loneliness artist." Warren's fictional creation, Brad Tolliver, even claims that the Confederacy was "founded on lonesomeness." Southerners, he reasons, "were so lonesome that they built a pen around themselves so they could be lonesome together" (p. 147).

Also exploring self-imposed exile from the South is the eighth essay about Arthur Crew Inman, "the last casualty of the Civil War." A mediocre talent who paid interviewees for their emotional and intellectual outpourings, Inman nonetheless emerges from *The Inman Diary: A Public and Private Confession* (1985) as an arresting and complex representative of the Southern writer as both survivor and victim of the Civil War.

In his final literary essay subtitled, "Home by Way of California; or, The End of the Southern Renaissance," he examines the popular notion that the Civil War-torn nation was restored through the transfiguring assimilation of North and South into the West. He suggests how uncomprehending a resurrected Jefferson would be before the idealization of Owen Wister's Virginian who never touched a plow and did nothing but ride herd, lynch rustlers, and dispatch unfriendly Indians. Simpson concludes the essay with a discussion of Walker Percy, whose fictional creation, the alienated philosopher-artist Lancelot, leaves the South for Los Angeles. After defining the New Southerner as "Billy Graham on Sunday and Richard Nixon the rest of the week," Lancelot defines California as the intersection of "Billy Graham, Richard Nixon, Las Vegas, drugs, pornography, and every discarnate idea ever hit upon by man" (p. 200).

In a personal memoir inserted as an epilogue and subtitled, "Living with Indians," Simpson writes about the West Texas town he grew up in and his own burden of history of which ironically he was not aware until he was an adult—a West Texas ancestor who married a Cherokee woman and then sought a divorce and custody from her of their eight children. It is, writes Simpson, the indeterminate story of five generations of dispossessors and possessors, and of dispossessors dispossessed, the story that, though it takes many forms, is the underlying history of America.

Despite the inclusion of an excellent index, unusual in essay collections, the absence of a bibliography makes identifying the various critics cited by Simpson unnecessarily difficult. Simpson is an intellectual historian of the first order, so although this review names only the writers primarily addressed in the essays, Simpson's breadth of knowledge and subtlety of perception insure consideration of a far wider range of literature (e.g., Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Camus) than the few names mentioned here. These essays are an intellectual feast for anyone who has ever puzzled over the dilemma of the Southern writer struggling with his strata-laden awareness of too much history.

JACK SHREVE  
*Allegany Community College*

## Books Received

The Center for the Book, in cooperation with the Library of Congress, has recently published *Capital Libraries and Librarians: A Brief History of the District of Columbia Library Association, 1894–1994* by John Cole. The paperbound volume describes one hundred years of the guiding force behind D.C.'s public library system. This book is available only through the Library of Congress Retail Sales Shop.

Library of Congress, \$15.00

*Piety and Tolerance: Pennsylvania German Religion, 1700–1850* by Stephen L. Longenecker is the next addition to the "Pietist and Wesleyan Studies" series. The author examines various subgroups within Pennsylvania German Pietism, including Radical Pietists and Anabaptists. The book concludes with a study of how Pietists applied the tenets of their faith to slavery, the most prominent ethical issue at the time.

Scarecrow Press, Inc., \$27.50

Originally published in 1872 by the African Methodist Episcopal Church, *From Slavery to Salvation: The Autobiography of Rev. Thomas W. Henry of the A.M.E. Church* contains the memoirs of a Marylander who rose from slavery on a tobacco plantation to become a leader in the African Methodist Episcopal Church community. This new edition was edited by Jean Libby and contains a foreword by Edward Papenfuse.

University Press of Mississippi, \$25.00

Henry Gassaway Davis was a descendant of colonial Maryland's landed gentry. After working for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad as a young man, he invested in thousands of acres of land in West Virginia, built railroad systems linking these lands to more populated areas, and became a prominent business owner and politician in that state. Thomas Richard Ross examines the life of this man in *Henry Gassaway Davis: An Old-Fashioned Biography*.

McClain Printing Company, \$30.00

*Thomas Jefferson* is the first book in the American Profiles Biography Series of Madison House Publishers, Inc. Author Norman K. Risjord examines the life and character of this prominent American figure, attempting to address the contradictions of Jefferson's life.

Madison House Publishers, Inc, \$27.95

The University of Missouri Press announces a new addition to its Southern Women series. *Hidden Histories of Women in the New South*, edited by Virginia Bernhard, Betty Brandon, Elizabeth Fox-Genovese, Theda Perdue, and Elizabeth Hayes Turner, focuses on women who have not been studied by historians. The

essays examine the lives of female immigrants, homemakers, Native Americans, and prisoners in the twentieth century.

University of Missouri Press, \$34.95

The third edition of *The Burden of Southern History* is now available. Author C. Vann Woodward studies the relationship between Southern identity and the South's historical experience. Included in this edition is a new chapter, "Look Away, Look Away," which further examines the ironies of the South's experience, as well as previously uncollected appreciations of Robert Penn Warren and William Faulkner.

Louisiana State University Press, \$35.00

In *Goshen, Maryland: A History and Its People*, Ardith Gunderman Boggs has collected the history, ghost stories, and genealogy of the people in this Maryland town. This book includes drawings and photographs of structures in Goshen, as well as area maps.

Heritage Books, Inc. \$22.00

Selected pages of the Baltimore News-Post have been reprinted in Baltimore in World War II. Covering the years 1939–1945, the volume offers the reader a chance to step back in time see coverage of World War II events as discussed in this news medium. Comic strips and advertisements add more color to the picture of life at this time.

Historical Briefs, Inc., \$14.95

Gerald and Patricia Gutek trekked across the country to create a guide that should interest history buffs and travelers of all kinds. The second edition of *Experiencing America's Past: A Travel Guide to Museum Villages* is revised and expanded, providing details on visiting forty-three outdoor museums in the United States. The volume contains a history and description of each site, as well as rates, hours, and other basic information.

University of South Carolina Press, \$14.95

The late Lloyd Lewis was the author of *Captain Sam Grant* and a mentor to Bruce Catton. *Myths After Lincoln* by Lewis, first published in 1929, became a classic examination of how Lincoln's life, death, and character became part of American mythology. This work is now republished with (inexplicably) a new title, *The Assassination of Lincoln: History and Myth*.

University of Nebraska Press, \$12.95

In *A. Lincoln: His Last 24 Hours*, W. Emerson Reck discusses circumstances leading up to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and examines the mysteries surrounding this event that remain unsolved today. A softcover edition is now available.

University of South Carolina Press, \$14.95



# Notices

## MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY BOOK PRIZE

The Maryland Historical Society offers a prize of one thousand dollars to the author or editor of an unusually distinguished work exploring Maryland history and culture and published in the preceding two years. Publishers nominate titles for this prize and are asked to submit four copies of each entry. Deadline for the 1994 award is 1 March 1995.

## FIFTH ANNUAL MARITIME HISTORY CONTEST WINNERS

This contest, sponsored by Maritime Committee of the Maryland Historical Society and the University of Baltimore Education Fund, promotes scholarly research in the field of Maryland maritime history. The Maritime Committee is pleased to announce the winners of this year's contest. First Prize (\$300) is awarded to Stephen Patrick of Annapolis for his essay on the beginning of trade between Russia and Baltimore in the eighteenth century. Second Prize (\$125) goes to Frederick C. Leiner of Baltimore for his article on Maryland ships in the Quasi-War with France. Wanda S. Czerwinski of North Wales, Pennsylvania, is the recipient of Third Prize (\$75) for her essay on the development of Fell's Point.

## MARYLAND ARCHEOLOGY WEEK

The third annual Maryland Archeology Week will be observed 22-30 April 1995 at many locations across the state. Lectures, exhibits, workshops, and tours will focus on the diversity of archeological discoveries in Maryland and the importance of protecting these resources. For a free calendar of events, write to the Office of Archeology, Maryland Historical Trust, 100 Community Place, Crownsville, Maryland 21032, or call (410)514-7661.

# Maryland Picture Puzzle

Challenge your knowledge of Maryland history by identifying the location and date of this Baltimore County scene. Is this building still standing?

The fall 1994 Picture Puzzle depicts East Lexington Street from Liberty Street in Baltimore in 1900. Today the only building that still survives is the former Central Savings Bank at the southeast corner of Charles and Lexington streets, which now houses offices. The Fidelity Building located on the northwest corner of Charles and Lexington streets, the Baltimore Gas and Electric building at Lexington and Liberty streets, One Charles Center at Charles and Lexington streets, and the Charles Plaza now occupy the site.

Our congratulations to Mr. F. Phillips Williamson, who correctly identified the summer 1994 Picture Puzzle. Please send your answers to:

Picture Puzzle  
Maryland Historical Society  
201 West Monument Street  
Baltimore, Md 21201



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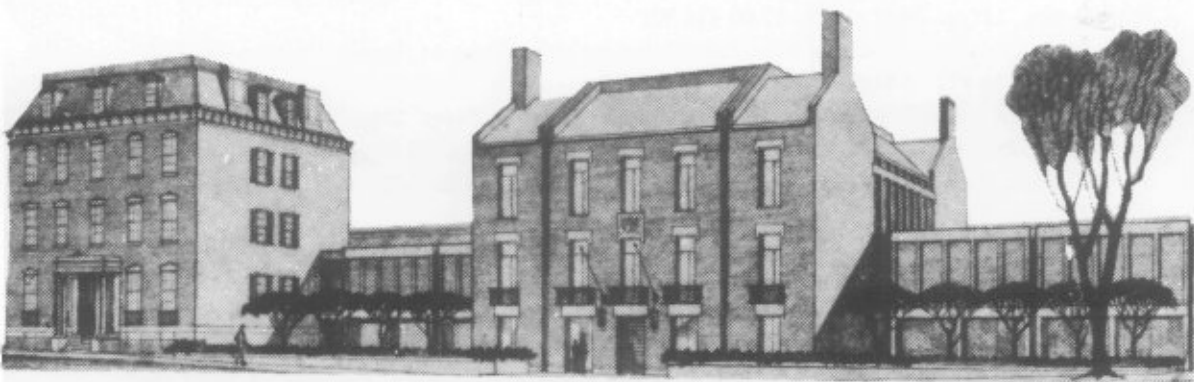
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